The Arete

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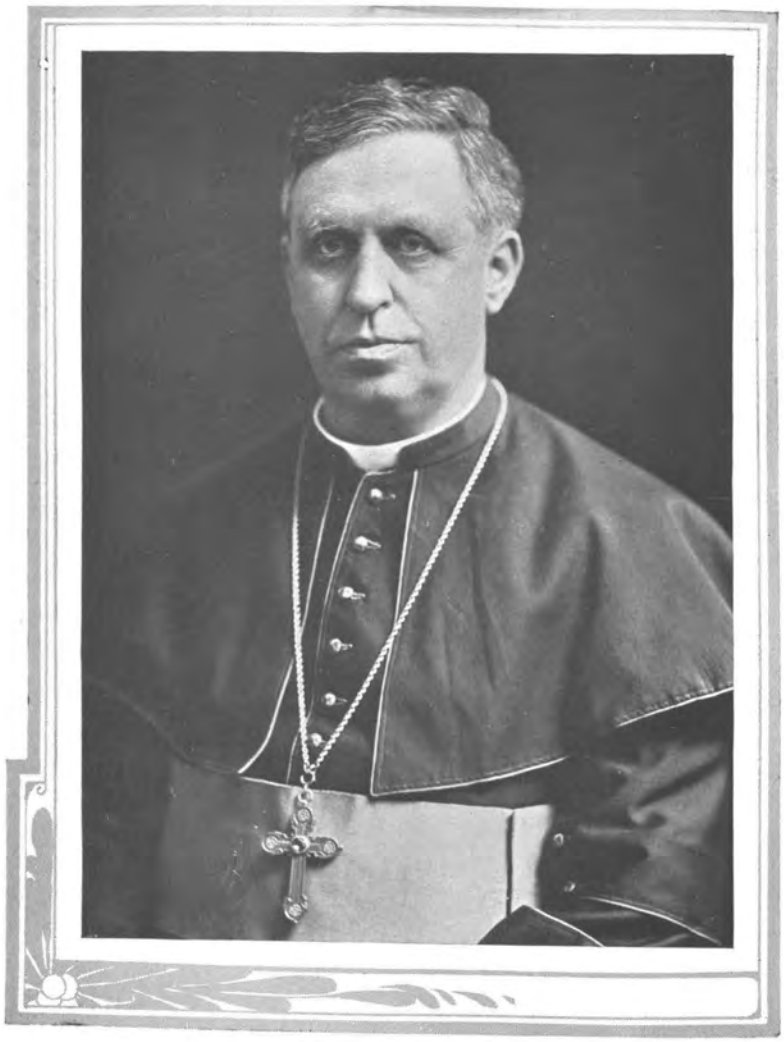
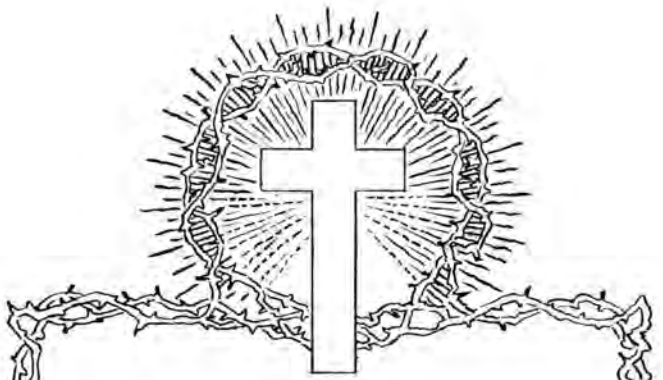


THE RIGHT REVEREND THOMAS F. HICKEY, D. D.



"CUI SERVIRE, REGNARE EST!"

AS CITIZENS OF THE EMPIRE OF CHRIST, THE FACULTY AND SENIOR CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SIX OF THE AQUINAS INSTITUTE OF ROCHESTER, HUMBLY DEDICATE THIS NUMBER OF THE ARETE TO CHRIST THE KING

THE REVEREND WILLIAM BYRNE, PH. D., PRESIDEN'

The Arete

The Kingdom of Christ

THROUGH the ages the conception of the kingdom of Christ has tended toward error. The early Jewish concept was that Christ would come as a mighty ruler, this attributed to Him a purely temporal kingdom. Such an idea was repeatedly denied by Our Lord, most emphatically so in the words: "My kingdom is not of this world."

According to the true doctrine of the kingdom of Christ, all men are its members and all are subject to the Man God, as their Supreme Ruler. Christ stated this supremacy Himself when He said, "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth." Therefore we should not hold the visual rulers of the earth in any reverence of adoration. They are but men to whom a trust has been given by God, and they are responsible to Him for the manner in which they handle His confidence. When this truth is realized and practiced peace and harmony will be more prevalent; strife and bitterness will disappear. A thorough understanding of the meaning of the kingdom of Christ would prove a solid factor toward world peace.

The chief purpose for the establishment of the feast of Christ, the King, is to lead mankind back from the teachings of a false philosophy and away from an incorrect idea of the right of temporal government. It is the end of this feast to bring us to the worship of the true Ruler. This day for the commemoration of Christ the King will impress men with the fact that a temporal ruler is not a god, but merely a representative of God, toward Whom he has duties and obligations to discharge. It is most essential, with regard to such a ruler's obligations, that he should not misrepresent to his subjects the extent of his powers. This fact will make universal the correct idea of the kingdom of Christ, and will return to the true faith many who have erred.

VINCENT PANETTIERE.

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Alone

We walk in a crowd and mix with men and women. We spend numerous hours, talking with people. We expend enormous effort in pleasing others' fancies. In this mingling of humanity, we turn that side out that we wish others to see, we conceal our genuine self beneath the glamor and varnish of the world.

But, once in a while, journey to some lonely spot, away from men, away from the constant jangle of life. There, beneath a spreading tree or beneath a golden lampshade, uncover the real man within you. Disrobe him of artificial garments, look on him with clear, undimmed vision. Examine your reality thoroughly, observe every minute fault, see each praiseworthy quality. Then, stand off a little and judge the worth and possibilities of your genuine self. Take him unto yourself. Throw off the unreal, brave the real.

Take this man of yourself into the crowd. Do away with his petty faults, make his great possibilities striking realities. You will be surprised at the work of your own pure nature, but you will be amazed at the place he gains in the crowd.

The Arete

The Eucharistic King

IN modern times, the aspect of Christ as King has been forgotten; its image does not conform to the truth. Jesus is looked upon as a great historical character; as a religious martyr, but that, because we do not know Him. If we are intimate with His proper station, we adore Him in His legitimate right as Eucharistic King.

The Eucharistic King! What better title, what title more expressive of our Lord's constant and unswerving power, can be referred to our meditation? Christ is truly a king. His dominion includes all men, not the saints alone, not the martyrs, but every creature who is a composition of body and soul. A king has certain obligatory duties which he must perform if he would prove worthy of his kingship. A monarch should provide for the welfare of his subjects, guard them immune from external harm, and deal justice to them as justice and mercy deserve. Christ, ever present in the Holy Sacrament, executes these duties in the manner which befits His infinite regnancy. By His Church He supplies the spiritual needs of His citizens; by His grace He strengthens them against diabolical assailment; in His faultless judiciary they will one day render to Him an account of their stewardships.

Christ is enshrined not alone on that lofty mount beyond the mystic vale which separates the supernatural from the terrestrial; in Holy Communion, He is close to us. Here, even in our frailties, we are conscious of His Presence. Here we can iterate, on bended knee, the allegiance which we owe.

This Christ is the solution of our problems and difficulties. Before the Tabernacle, His Divine Throne, avarice and arrogance have no place. In their stead are love and humble submission. By that Throne we are bettered; by it we are fitted to enter the heavenly realm.

MAURICE O'BRIEN.

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Goodness is Diffusive

There are always men. They come, cast upon the earth to work out their destinies. However, they are men, weak in mind as in body. They must have some hand to guide them, some confident intellect to pilot them right. The savage is not civilized because no one has placed him in the way of salvation. He has never heard the voice of men speaking the words of God. So it is with civilized men, or rather men who live in the heart of civilization. They are morally corrupt because they seldom, if ever, hear a person who is good. It is necessary that there be contact that there may be inculcation. A man who is really good cannot prevent himself from being an example. Then, we may judge the condition of a man by noticing the effect of that condition upon those who surround him.

HOWARD P. SLAVIN.

Lord of Lords, King of Kings

HOW inspiring it is to see a king arrayed in his robes of state! His very attitude and carriage tell of unlimited power; power which guides the destinies of his people, that they may partake of every opportunity within their grasp. Around his honored throne, his court and his subjects bow down in reverence and homage. It is obvious that such a potentate possesses the respect and loyalty of his subjects. Yet how few the subjects, how limited the power!

Greater by far than this display of fidelity to a king is the love of man for his God. Man bows down before his invisible King with a more profound reverence than he could show to any earthly monarch, for is not his Lord the Overlord of all lords and the King of all Kings? Many injudicious persons have queried, "By what authority or right does Christ claim the all-embracing title, King?" Jesus Christ the King is Truth itself; He is the source, the culmination and the essence of all veracity and all good. It is truth and goodness that rule the hearts and souls of all men, so God by His very substance holds the eternal right to govern the minds, the hearts, and the souls of men. By such a sway over all mankind, men unanimously acclaim Christ their King.

The early prophets heralded the birth of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, as the advent of a new and great King. These holy men predicted that His kingdom would be from sea to sea; they prophesied that of His kingdom there would be no end. These prophets, the medium through which God spoke to the faithful, described vividly, long before His birth, the glories that were to be His. He would be a true King for He would be born of a royal line; He would be humble, not manifesting the greatness of His royalty; He would lead a pure and simple life untainted by the devastating effects of sin.

When Christ embarked on His public campaign of teaching, instructing, and converting the multitudes, He was held in the esteem and admiration proper to a king. Through His Omnipotence, He performed numerous miracles, yet these manifestations of His wondrous power were not to instill fear into the hearts of the observers, but rather to demonstrate to them His great love for men. In those truly marvelous miracles, He fulfilled the predictions of the prophets, "So great shall be His power that He shall heal the sick, make the blind see, and raise the dead to life." It was through these revelations of His almighty power that the faithful were able to know and adore Him. His triumphant entry into Jerusalem shortly before His passion was greater than any demonstration ever accorded an earthly king. The symbolic palm was everywhere displayed, even strewn upon the road before Him. Surely He was a King! During His passion when the irate council groped blindly for some sin of which to convict Jesus, they questioned Him, "Art Thou a King?" When He answered "I Am," Jesus uttered His coronation speech. In mocking derision, the Jews placed on His Sacred Head a crown of thorns, but they placed it by His permission, for that Greatest of Rulers preferred painful thorns to caressing gold.

Christ is not King by force or conquest, nor by doubtful inheritance; His very essential Being raises Him and crowns Him King. But such a King was not content; He stretched His racking, human Frame on a cross; he bought the souls of all mankind with the Precious Blood shed thereon. Mankind become willing slaves to this so mighty Monarch, so just, so kind. Never will Jesus the King lay down His crown for it is written, "Of His Kingdom, there shall be no end."

RAY WHITE.

Four Years

A TALL, erect youth of eighteen steps across the stage. With flushed cheeks and happy face, he stretches forth his hand to receive his diploma. Four short years ago he received another diploma. Even now the memory of that ceremony is vivid in the lad's mind. Those ceremonies are nearly identical but how different is the boy himself!

The child of fourteen entered the great door of the high school. He began his high school career at that moment, and he began with high resolve. An immense gymnasium was round about him. Somehow, he grasped two dumbbells and swung them till his arms tired. Every day he exercised, year after year he performed this duty, until his body was hard and rugged. Again, he found himself in a large classroom. Questions came at him. They taxed his brain, so he had to think. Long procedures were shown him, intricate examples were explained. It never stopped, always was some learned professor propounding new and strange problems. The lad persevered; through four winters and summers he concentrated on his studies. As he neared eighteen, he was truly an intellectual youth. Through all this his young heart was growing deeper. Good example and sweet and bitter experiences were teaching him tenderness and sympathy, courage and resolution. Those God-loving teachers did not forget his soul. They taught him the existence of God, His power, His justice, His Love. Into every question God was brought as the deciding factor. His will was ever obeyed. Catholic teaching sank deep into the nature of the lad; Christian example strengthened him still more, and then the friendship of God brought the youth to a lofty place in the spiritual world. Thus he completed his work a sturdy, educated Catholic, with heart of gold and soul of sanctity.

So, as each of our class reaches for his diploma four years work will have closed, four years of life will have ended. But the training and the work will continue; on through life will go each one of us, living and loving God, working for Him. When each of us is ushered unto the throne of God, he will surely say that four years in Aquinas brought him nearer heaven.

GREGORY V. DRUMM.

Senior Class

ASHE, THOMAS R. 1024 Monroe Ave.
"Tom" Blessed Sacrament School

Tom is never rushed nor fussed. He is a good student and believes in supporting student activities. His favorite class is Intermediate Algebra. Tom has a supply of dry humor which breaks out at unexpected moments. To Tom, as chairman of the photographic committee of the Arete, credit for the class pictures is due.

BECKER, CHARLES M. 52 Holmes Street
"Chuck" Holy Rosary School

"Ten Second" Becker is so called because of his mental, physical and vocal agility. He seems possessed of an uniquity, his thoughts flow swifter than a tempest and he is able to express himself almost as rapidly as he thinks. With his logisticity of speech at the bar, he will never lose a case.

BERTSCHE, FRANK T. 381 Glenwood Ave.
"Frank" Holy Rosary School

The editor, incognito, of the much laughed-at weekly, "Roja Pimento." Frank's abstruse ability as a humorist remained unappreciated because his writings had never been traced to their original source. His participation in athletics has grown lax. He now occupies his time in a series of debates which he is carrying on with Mr. Ryan.

BOEHME, AUSTIN W. 251 Mulberry St.
"Aus" St. Mary's School

Aus is a taciturn student and seldom speaks except in reply. When he is periodically called on in history, he displays mild indignation over the "Bawston" pronunciation of his name. His protests to Mr. Ryan avail him nothing, but his good nature leaves him unruffled. His own beloved history will soon praise his name.

BONN, JOHN PAUL — 136 Lake Avenue
"Bonnie" — Cathedral Grammar School

John, our great boy agnostic, easily achieves wonder feats, such as his mark in Intermediate. Always doubting ancient facts, ever questioning learned professors, he strolls, with childish smile, through all paths of knowledge. His ruddy face laughs away our troubles, his profound mind solves our petty problems. John, the humorist, is the mental giant of our class.

BRACH, JOSEPH S. — 838 Norton Street
"Joe" — St. Stanislaus' School

Joe is the silent partner. He does the work but his efforts are never accredited by his fellows. He one day astounded the Virgil class by the statement, "I am the beautiful Aeneas." Only the first qualification is applicable. He is not Aeneas. Nothing not perfect ever receives Joe's approval.

BRADY, GODFREY J. — 977 St. Paul St.
"Scotty" — St. Bridget's School

Scotty's fair locks are admired by everyone, but he is by no means as gentle as he looks. He is most versatile, studying hard one moment and pounding some one's back equally as hard in the next. In serious moments he is an excellent orator and an adept at argumentation. A gentleman and a scholar is Scotty and we wish him prosperity.

BROGAN, JOHN — R. D. 6, Greece, N. Y.
"Johnny"
Immaculate Conception School

John Brogan, the twin, the cold searcher after facts, the sophisticated enthusiast, strides through school and life with observant eye and meditative mien. He tells the truth however bluntly. Many a trying situation he converts into a laughable circumstance for which he has the deep gratitude of his companions. The world will soon be at his feet.

BUNCE, JOHN P. 124 Villa Street
"Yannic" Holy Apostles' School

Here is the "Ring Lardner" of the class! John's curt comments and humorous "cracks" are the source of much merriment. The skating season finds him at his best for then he makes numerous hits with the fair damsels, who take advantage of the healthful exercise. He is popular with everyone. Beware of thin ice, Yannic.

BURNS, JOSEPH L. 466 Murray St.
"Joe" Holy Apostles' School

Joe Burns and the Arete are inseparable; for it was due largely to our vice-president's pleadings that this book received the neeessary financial backing to put it across. Joe is a hard worker and a credit to his class. His comradeship has increased his popularity and no gathering is complete without him. Good luck, Joe!

CALLAGHAN, GERALD 95 Clay Avenue
"Jerry" St. Augustine's School

Jerry is an example of what a well-dressed cheer leader should wear. Even if he is inclined to be studious, it should not be held against him. It is even considered by some as a virtue. Jerry is goodnatured and a center of attraction at basketball games as well as after. He is also a financial genius.

CALLAHAN, CHARLES E.
"Charlie" 520 Seneca Parkway
Nazareth Hall

Charlie is a very active member of our class. Aside from selling tickets at the basketball games he belongs to practically every committee organized by the seniors. He is a worker, as may be seen from the fact that he is now engaged in mastering the intricate constructions of Virgil. Keep up the good work, Charlie!

CLARK, JAMES D. W. 26 Normandy Ave.
"Jimmy" Nazareth Hall

Jimmy may be awarded the jester's cap of this class but he is by no means the class fool. "Laugh and the world laughs with you" is his motto and he lives up to it. A wave of good-natured fun accompanies him everywhere and is received gleefully by his fellow students. Good luck, Jim, and may you always find something to laugh at.

CONNELLY, DANIEL M. 412 Sawyer St.
"Did" St. Monica's School

Did has a passion (sine requiete) for travel and his hardy nature has aided him in many an ordeal on these perilous tours. He persists in baffling Father Grady during recitations by his questions and answers. He is also valuable as a song and dance artist although he can do neither. Bon voyage, Did.

CUNNINGHAM, FRANK E. Clayton St.
"Frank" Holy Cross School

Frank is the champion book reader of Charlotte, it being rumored that he frequently visits the library. Whether these visits are made to look at books or the pretty girl visitors has never been discovered. Besides being a star in class, Frank is quite a pool shark. Forestry is his favorite profession, in which we know he will succeed.

DORSCHEL, JOHN H. 184 Curlew St.
"Doc" Holy Rosary School

John is possessed of a long-enduring patience. He has been the butt of numerous practical jokers. However, his own nature is a more serious one. His affection for Caesar transcends all other emotions of his heart. He is at present preparing his own version of the "Commentaries." Give us your hand on the project, Doc!

DRUMM, GREGORY V. 86 Wilsonia Road
"Greg" Corpus Christi School

Gregory, the other twin, is a lad of complex natures. A serious, philosophical soul he is, yet don't think him a bore; for intrinsically combined with this trait is a keen humor and a winning personality that gain him many friends. With these qualifications nothing short of an effigy in the Hall of Fame will satisfy us, Greg.

FITZPATRICK, JOSEPH J., 51 Pembroke St.
"Fitz" Blessed Sacrament School

A wise man with a sense of humor—that's Joe. Every afternoon at three o'clock he thrills the girls in Sibley's office as he makes his appearance. Joe's wise cracks are the feature of any class he attends, while his hard working ways have won the approval of all his less industrious brethren.

FLYNN, WILLIAM J. 257 Magee Ave.
"Bill" Nazareth Hall

If beauty sleeps were as effective as imagined, Bill would be in Hollywood. Father Grady frequently reminds him to sleep nights. We believe that the girl Bill raves about must be the original "Sleepy-Time gal." When not sleeping he is engaged in arguing with Mr. Ryan or in "staring contests." His name wins him many friends.

FOLEY, JEROME 76 Electric Avenue
"Jerry" Bethlehem High School
Bethlehem, Pa.

Jerry saunters down the hall, books in arm and deep in thought, probably pondering an obscure exemplification in chemistry. He places among his immense store of technical knowledge a sunny disposition which ever lightens our glum moments. We can readily visualize him as a master chemist, pouring radium from tube to tube.

GRAY, ALEXANDER — Rush, N. Y.
"Alex" — Rush Union School

Alex comes from the wilds of Rush, but he always manages to get here. Studies never seem to bother him and he never bothers them. Alex is the leading light of the chemistry class when there is one. His line never fails to cause a laugh in class or out, and because of this he is always welcome wherever he goes.

HASENAUER, GERARD J.
"Jerry" — 57 Trafalgar Street
St. Peters & Paul's School

Gerard is usually hard to find, being hidden behind his books. This accomplishment seems in danger of extinction in the A. I. R. so he is to be congratulated. Such studious habits do not prevent his interest in school affairs or in spreading a joke. Although quiet he is not gloomy and is liked by everyone.

HURLEY, LEO A. — 42 Doran Street
"Leo" — Immaculate Conception School

Leo is a burner of the midnight oil. Long after school is dismissed, he may be found diligently working out the complex problems of intermediate. However this strenuous tax on his brain has not affected Leo's disposition, which is very pleasant. He greatly enjoys any sort of fun and is always with us in every undertaking.

KENNEDY, JOSEPH P. — 52 Atkinson St.
"Joe" — Cathedral Grammar School

Behold our modest court-leader! Joe, as everyone knows, is a star court performer. His achievements in other fields, however, are numerous. He is a pool player of no mean ability and besides is well versed in the manly art of self-defense. A grateful student body is behind his rush to fame.

KRESS, HAROLD J. 360 Thurston Road
"Hal" St. Peters & Paul's School

A flashy third sacker in baseball and a smashing fullback on the gridiron yet meek and gentle in the classroom—this can be truly said of Hal. He is Ray White's companion in wickedness and is always ready with a good joke. Up and at 'em, Hal.

LANG, WILLIAM A. 3 Mozart Place
"Bill" St. Michael's School

"Old Faithful" Bill, when he is not at work in school, is laboring elsewhere. The application of his energy ranges from managing a bowling league to writing for a newspaper. The world of letters is assured of a deserving member when Bill has developed himself. Goodbye, Bill, and don't forget to write.

MAHER, AUGUSTINE F. 146 Linden St.
"Gus" Immaculate Conception School

Gus has been with us but a short time yet he has won the friendship of the entire class by his goodnaturedness. Sorry to say, however, Gus takes his studies seriously, a sad mistake and he is even reported to study at home. However, our best wishes go with him even if he does burn the midnight oil.

MARKS, THOMAS F. 44 Lenox Street
"Tom" St. Monica's School

A sturdy, well-set lad, that's Tom. Three years with both our baseball and basketball teams have made him a rugged athlete. With whimsical smile, he likes to listen to others, but when things go wrong, Tom, cool as an iceberg, steps forward to adjust them. In games and life, steadfast Tom perseveres to a victorious end.

MAYER, LEONARD M. 47 Avenue A.
"Len" St. Michael's School

Len is a quiet, retired chap and during the last four years we have never seen his sedate demeanor ruffled in the least. He claims to be a lover of the classics and his extensive library bears witness to the fact. Len will reach his mark without fail.

McCORMICK, FREDERICK A. 45 Cameron St.
"Mac" Holy Apostles' School

Mac is a valuable asset to our class. He has the happy faculty of "catching" some jokes which are cracked during the course of a school day. His melodious voice bespeaks ease but he is on the contrary most active in every undertaking. Whether Mac becomes a plumber or a philosopher, he can't be stopped.

McGRATH, JOHN L. 360 Clay Avenue
"Lefty" Cathedral Grammar School

Johnny is a loyal student. He lends his support to all scholastic and athletic activities and does his best to keep things moving. In class he often shows evidence of study. This and a desire to cheer up fellow students are his chief assets. As official fraternity man of the class, he is truly a brother.

McNALLY, JOHN D. 266 Lincoln Ave.
"Yanno" Holy Apostles' School

Behold our bashful hero! The great defensive star on the basketball court maintains a dread of speaking in assembly, an event which he has always successfully avoided. "Yanno" is as good-natured as he is bashful and his courtly manner has made him scores of friends. The darling of the gods, that's "Yanno."

McVEAN, MALCOLM 5 Fenwick Street
"Red" Immaculate Conception School

Don Rojo is another prominent Spaniard and he would make an ideal "inamorato" for a gay Spanish "ancha." His "amours" are well known in Rochester. Red likes to travel and has had numerous adventures on the highways. In later life he intends to see the world as a commercial traveler. He always will be remembered by his stirring epigrammatic utterances.

MINELLA, FRANCIS M. 164 Frank St.
"Frank" Cathedral Grammar School

Frank is a searcher. He has a kleptomania for causes and effects; he must have them. He is not skeptical, merely cautious. Fortune will be his bride if he continues to surmount difficulties as he has handicaps.

MOORE, RICHARD W. 1382 Dewey Ave.
"Dinty" Holy Apostles' School

Only the corners of his mouth widen as Dinty smiles so spontaneously across the meat counter at some vexed customer. No, the customer isn't feminine. Dinty just breathes good nature into the life of everyone. Studies are difficult but we are apt to doubt the fact when we observe the ease with which Dinty assimilates knowledge.

O'BRIEN, MAURICE W. 30 Brooklyn St.
"Maurice" Holy Rosary School

Maurice's apparent attitude would lead one to suppose that he is of the school of Zeno. We have never known him to evince any expression of exultance, either by his countenance or his voice. But appearances are faulty, we cannot evaluate a man for what he seems. Maurice's mental process continues though his voice is still.

O'NEIL, EMMETT F. — 11 Argyle Street
"Emmett" — Immaculate Conception School

Emmett is another of our silent partners. Although he is not often heard, he is always with us. He can be counted upon in every need. He is an artist, as the inside covers of his books reveal but he is also a student as any member of the Virgil class will testify. The thinker sets enshrined in silence.

PANETTIERE, VINCENT J.
"Vincent" — 160 Campbell Street
St. Peters & Paul's School

Vincent is among the few retired and quiet members of our class. His keen mind is supreme in the field of mathematics, at which he excels. His ability in juggling figures outstrips his other powers. Vincent is also inclined towards the study of Latin and, at times, he has even been accused of studying Cicero at home.

RILEY, THOMAS F. — 152 Santee Street
"Tom" — Holy Family School

Introducing the class president. He has wonderful lung development which is very useful in our senior meetings. Tom is a fine example of a loyal and hardworking student. His efforts have carried many school activities to success. Wherever he is, he is the center of a group in which trouble does not remain long.

QUINLAN, J. WILLIAM — 59 Salina Street
"Bill" — St. Augustine's School

Bill has been with us but a short time, yet he has made a fine impression in that time. His sight translations are a feature of the Virgil class. His spirits are irrepressible and infectious. In his own neighborhood, "Honey Boy" has a reputation as a heartbreaker and homewrecker. He also shone during the past year as a cheerleader.

SLAVIN, HOWARD B. Genesee Valley Park
"Pat" St. Monica's School

Pat is a true type of a dignified senior. His fiery orations in our oral English classes have held us spellbound for minutes at a time. Besides, Pat is a writer of no mean repute as the pages of this book testify. He finds most of his enjoyment in basketball and golf. His winning personality and quiet manner will win him a place of prominence in the world.

STREB, ELMER J. 221 Sanford Street
"Elmer" St. Boniface School

His peculiar vocal abilities have brought fame and glory to Elmer during his stay at Aquinas. Elmer claims he can imitate any professor in the school and his exploits in the study hall bear out this fact. He wishes to be numbered among the drug store cowboys of the school, while his ambition in life is to write his own version of Caesar's Gallic Wars.

SULLIVAN, VINCENT G. 71 Otis Street
"Vin" Holy Apostles' School

"A man beyond his years," Vin's serious stoicism fits him for a position as principal of a high school. His turbulent hair is apt for the musical career towards which his interest leads him. Father Bruton was once enraged, in orchestra practice, at the squeaking of some one's chair but he calmed when the noise was traced to Vin's violin.

SWARTELE, GEORGE F. 720 Hudson Ave.
"Jack" Holy Redeemer School

Jack has won much success on the gridiron and the diamond but his real fame rests in his ability as a scholar. The learned professors are driven to despair trying to keep him awake in class. His rank as a theologian, according to Father Grady, is secure. However, Jack is a good scout and without doubt will achieve his life's ambition.

TOMASELLI, LOUIS B. 81 Jay Street
"Louie" Cathedral Grammar School

A fine student, a sincere friend and a close follower of Aquinas sporting activities is Louie. He usually greets us with a smile, which reaches from ear to ear. Louie is an ardent pupil along mathematical lines and plans to study medicine in the future. Doctor Lorenz, look to your laurels!

TREMER, CARL E. 562 Wellington Ave.
"Carl" St. Monica's School

Carl has been proclaimed systematic and man-like. He has attained success in athletics, music, his studies, and, although he attempts to conceal it, in a certain social complication known as romantic. Continue with the same energy, Carl, and with the profits of your first concert you will be able to build the requisite asylum for physics' teachers.

TROY, GERALD P. 62 Austin Street
"Pat" Holy Apostles' School

Pat is a continual violator of an old adage for he is both seen and heard. He has donned long trousers, though we know not why unless it be to preserve the dignity of his seniordom. Several kegs of cod-liver oil, if partaken of regularly, might correct his physical briefness. Withal, great oaks from little acorns grow.

WALDERT, LEO W. 86 Alameda Street
"Leo" Nazareth Hall.

Through shell rims peer two keen eyes, the optics of Leo. They denote the profundity and intensity of his contemplation. A basketball manager whom petites mademoiselles gaze upon in awed admiration. Those damsels see not the potential power beneath his natty appearance. His suave demeanor will surely carry him to a lofty rung on the social ladder.

WHELEHAN, GEORGE B.
4110 Lake Avenue
"Stretch" Holy Cross School

Charlotte is well represented by George. His dazzling ties and socks add much to his reputation. Stretch was a big success as an usher at the basketball games. In all school activities, he stood out, or up from the crowd. He often springs a new joke and is always smiling. It is also rumored that he studies.

WINKLER, JOSEPH J. 453 Augustine St.
"Joe" St. Francis de Sales School
Utica

Joe's brilliant head piece is not the only notorious feature of this young man. He is a zealous scholar and his accomplishment along musical lines threatens the supremacy of Fritz Kreisler. He is a member of the famed Virgil class, which is of course a mark of distinction in itself. Here's to you, O flaming youth!

WOERNER, DONALD E. 68 Merriman St.
"Don" St. Francis' School

Don is a serious-minded individual. He enters seriously into everything he undertakes. It has even been reported that he takes books home at night. His genius is directed chiefly along mathematical lines and we all expect him to startle the world some day by his achievements in mechanical enginering.

YAWMAN, PHILIP H. 2290 East Ave.
"Phil" Nazareth Hall

Although encumbered by numerous social duties, a carefree nature and a Chandler, Phil manages to make a very creditable record as a student. Not demonstrative, he is far from being quiet. A few minutes with Phil dispels the worst case of blues. R. P. I. is to be congratulated on this unit of next year's freshman class.

Class of 1926

HARDLY have we become acclimated to our new and beautiful surroundings, when it becomes necessary for us to perform one of the unpleasant duties of school life—to say "Vale" to you who are about to pass from our midst. Still, this should not be a disagreeable function, since our labors during the past four years have pointed toward this very event. During these years we have striven to prepare you for the more serious duties and responsibilities which are found outside the schoolroom; to so equip you, mentally and morally, that we might send you forth with confidence in your power to succeed.

Your training is now over; life with its numberless opportunities invites you. The desire to withhold you from that very role for which we have prepared and inspired you would be, not only thoughtless, but heartless. It is not, therefore, with sorrow or regret that we address you words of farewell greeting. With joy and gratitude that you are ready for the work which lies before you, we say: Set out, proceed prosperously and reign!

THE FACULTY.

The Arete

Life and Its End

THROUGH this fertile land, broad streams wind their way on to the mighty sea. Numerous specks, cruising along faster than the current, are boats constructed by men.

Here we have one of these streams. Over near the bank floats a small boat, manned by a young, slouching figure. That fellow, holding his boat close to shore, sails now rapidly, now slowly, yet he ever keeps his gaze on the grandeur of the passing scenery. All his attention concentrated on the beauty of the shore, he does not notice one oar slip from its holder, nor does he realize that a jagged rock has pierced a small hole in the bottom of his boat. Slowly he sails on, and now the other oar sinks into the river's bosom. The current rushes faster, the eddies force tiny streams of water through the small hole. An abrupt stop brings the gazer to the realization of his perilous condition. He makes frantic efforts to reach land, but all prove fruitless. The water gradually climbs the boat's sides; the vast sea opens just ahead. The imperilled boatman sails swiftly into this watery expanse. The whipping waves crash against the frail, unoared boat, breaking it into pieces. The wrecked boatman looks to heaven in despair, he gasps and the water closes over him. He dies beneath the swirling surface.

There, in the midst of the stream sails a small, sturdy craft, floated by a man, young and erect. He floats down the middle of the winding stream, rowing evenly, sailing always onward with the swift current. His eyes, looking on down the stream, watch for winding curves and sharp turns. The brilliant colors of summer flowers never divert his steadfast vision. With strong arm he pulls the rugged oars, forcing his vessel down the middle course. He swerves to avoid a straggling weed or a sharp rock. Faster and faster, the current rushes him on. Now, his eyes are looking at the leaping waves of the sea. The happy boatman steers out into the immense extent of surging water; he looks up at the clear blue sky, then stretches his nets to reap a plentiful harvest of flapping fish.

A very simple tale of a stream and two boatmen, but see how closely it resembles the eternal story of existence and human lives.

Everywhere on the high road, on the lonely path—in this great sphere, men, living in the transient existence, are the creatures that an infinite God made from nothing.

There is that acquaintance of yours, a tender youth, just beginning life's great voyage. He is sailing, even now, on to its end. That youth enters a worthless crowd, a collection of loafing sinners. He sinks into contented ease, he steeps himself in mundane goods. On and on he goes seeking, searching out fleeting, meaningless pleasures. He bends his every feeble effort to seize the sickening fruit of sensuality. But his weakened mind doesn't realize the shortness of life, nor does his distracted vision see the awful loss of natural virtues. One by one they slip from the man turned animal. Drowsy eyes see not sickness extending grasping hands. Those thin fingers seize his scrawny throat, and then, his eyes suddenly widen. He tries to push back each evil habit, but every one stands firm, a mighty, sneering giant. His drunken senses relax; he appeals to them in

vain. Eternity looms ahead, swiftly his useless life ebbs. Then, as Death wrecks his puny frame, the just Judge sends his soul into eternal misery.

Here, by your side is a friend, a lad who has but begun earth's great adventure, the sail of life. Yet, even now, each moment is carrying him on to its end. He gathers around him true men, men longing and laboring for the state beyond life. Every footstep he points toward heaven. Petty troubles come to him, great trials weigh as lead on his breast yet he holds to his way. Grave, enduring afflictions test his manhood; tenaciously, relentlessly, they hold on. His earthly path is a rough, rocky road. Over every stony crest he goes, traveling always onward. All his strength he exerts to make captive the few realities of life. His alert mind realizes how brief is existence, for he hastens yet faster; his full soul appreciates the value of virtue, for he strengthens it at each turn. Older he grows, yet older; further he goes, yet further; the end is coming close. Now, slowly life is slipping; earth is fading. Then, with a loving, longing, last word to God he gives himself unto Death. The just, yet the all merciful, Judge with divine countenance smiles his welcome to eternity in heaven.

We are about to leave port with the boatman; we are ready, now, to begin the great sail of life. We must choose either voyage with its inevitable end. Come, let us weather the stormy stream of virtue with a steadfast boatman and God-fearing friends! May we, when we come to the river's end, when we sail into the boundless ocean of eternity, gaze on the smiling face of a loving God; may He welcome every one of us to the celestial mansion of Christ, the King!

GREGORY V. DRUMM.

◈ ◈ ◈

On Reputation

The reputation of any man
  Is but what he seems to others,
But what he is in their mean minds,
  Be they foes or kindred brothers.

It stands, built up of thinnest glass,
  Held taut by puny reeds,
Resting insecure on moulds of sand,
  'Tis shattered by words, not deeds.

Years of patience, years of work
  Clothe it, that the world may view;
Defended by thousands, yet only in thought,
  It is shorn by the voice of a few.

The soldier prone with open breast
  Who lies silent in pain and fear,
Like to it cannot requite himself
  When attacked by rent or jeer.

Character the soul, Reputation the body,
  One eternal, the other mortal;
One rests in the eyes of men,
  The other is judged at heaven's portal.

HOWARD P. SLAVIN.

Boys Catholic High School To Be First Undertaking Of Proposed Aquinas Institute

As told in The Times-Union yester- y afternoon, a bill was introduced the Senate at Albany, yesterday, nator Jams L. Whitley of Roch- oviding for the establishment oration un me of

X. Kelly, J. Adam Kreag, James M. Mangan, Michael H. Shea, Peter A. Vay and Francis J. Yawman, all of Rochester, are named in the bill as the incorporators, an the board trustees..

The follow shop Th

Whitley Bill Incorporates Catholic College Of Higher Education In Rochester

L TO THE TIMES

LONE "E" IN BILL CHARTERING CATHOLIC COLLEGE IN ROCHESTER SPOILS SURPRISE FOR BISHOP THAT SENATOR HAD IN VIEW

Staff Correspondence o

lbany, March 2.—Senator James L. was a sorely disappointed had planned a little

mas F. f Roch- himself when sha

BISHOP BREAKS GROUND FOR AQUINAS

urns First Spadeful for lic

AQUINAS TO HAVE NEW BUILDING

titute Preparing Plans for $800,000 School on

The Arete

Given to God

IN the annals of Rochesterian Catholicity, September twenty-ninth, nineteen hundred twenty-five will remain an outstanding date. On that day the new housing of Aquinas Institute was consecrated to the divine purpose of its existence. If the resplendency of ceremony is measured by beauty and duration, that employed in its dedication was amply eminent and rich. It marked the death and regeneration of the material Aquinas.

The pitiless solemnity of Time's great clock regards two termini for all temporalities; the one we call birth; the other, death. As one body starts on its irresistible journey from the first, another rounds the final cornice of the latter and vanishes into oblivion. Death is but rebirth. By death we are shorn of all that is unlovely; we are arrayed in pure splendor.

Having emerged from her ugliness in Frank Street, Aquinas, to us who knew her of old, was clothed in a boundless excellence. When we perceived the beauty of the present structure, we beheld as it were the spirit of our old red-brick school cleared of all pollution. Aquinas, it seemed, had been subjected to the alternate revolution of rebirth, which was solemnized by the dedicatory service.

The day was opened to the ensuing activities by that most august and most lofty of ceremonies, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. We had as guest and celebrant, His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, who officiated during the entire day. At Mass, the senior class and the lay faculty received Holy Communion. Later, Cardinal, Bishops, and Priests assembled at the auditorium whence, in a body, they performed the blessing. Again in the auditorium, we listened to the first of three addresses which His Eminence delivered on that day. In the afternoon and evening the Cardinal talked to such laymen as the assembly hall could accommodate. The keynote of these talks was the important place which Catholic education holds in the scholastic field. In each was stressed the need of combining the guidance of the Church with the formation of those impressions that derive character.

The notable action of the afternoon was the raising of our nation's flag. Unfurled from the hands of a Prince of Christ's Church, it flaunted its brilliant stars and stripes above our heads, and below (the only emblem which may surmount it), the Cross. This scene before our school, Old Glory waving beneath the symbol of our Faith, was indicative of what our Alma Mater represents and inculcates, a sacred learning combined with secular instruction, a spiritual union and a patriotic loyalty. We bear as our standards the mightiest emblems of the universe, the Cross and the Stars and Stripes.

VINCENT SULLIVAN.

The Arete

CATHOLIC ROCHESTER GIVES BIG WELCOME TO CARDINAL HAYES

to Prelate, Here for Dea
s Institute, Rivals T
'ercier in W

DIGNI

SOLEMN RIT
MARK BLES
OF NEW SCHOOL

By JO LEONARD

Cardinal

Services H
In Auditor
Of New S

Is Preceded by Po
High Digni

Flag Raising Followed By Big Recepti

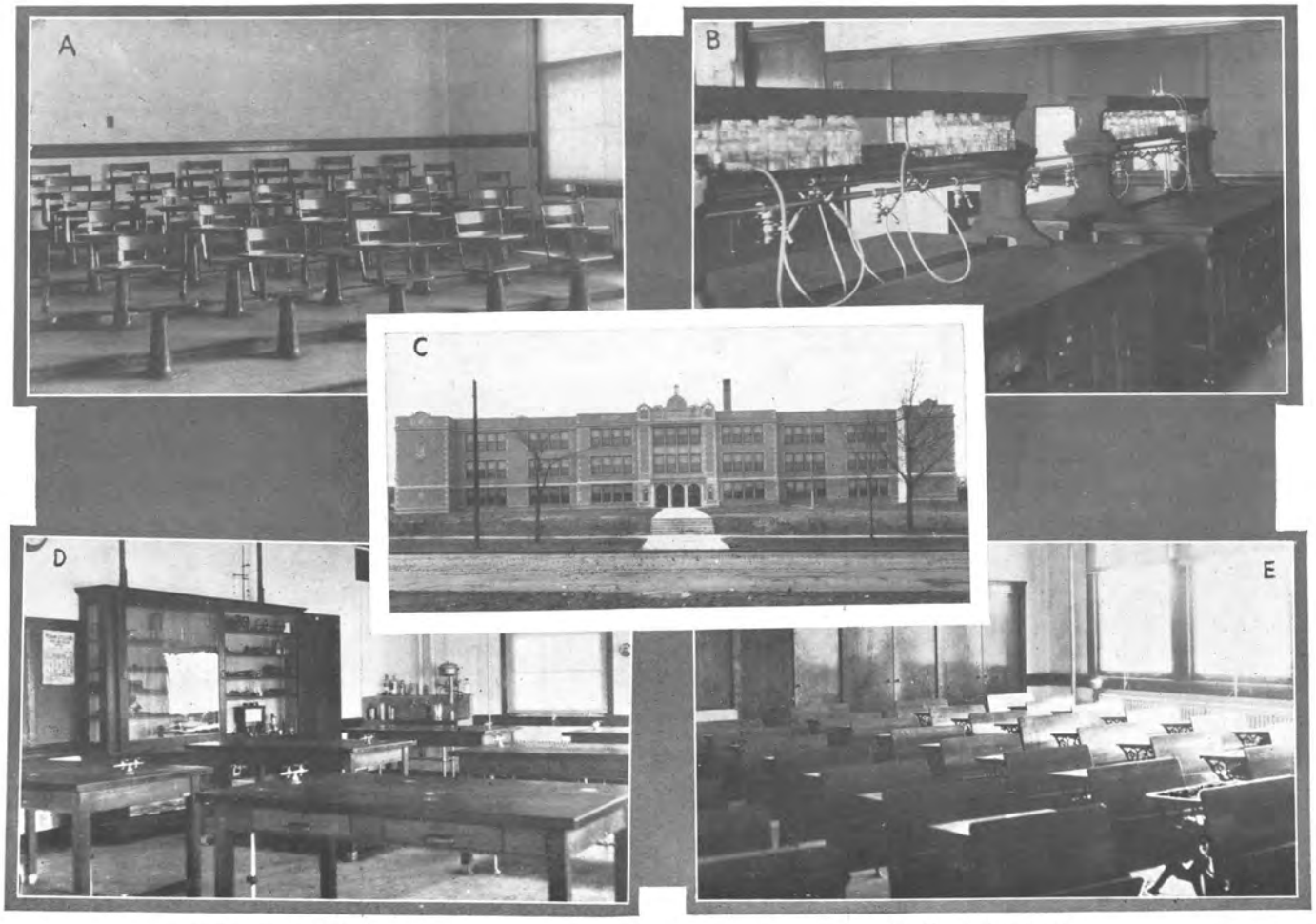
Rochester Catholics
Interest in

Students Furnish Attractive Picture

Auditorium Decked Out For Impressive Ceremonies; Structure Is Formally Dedicated Earlier in Day

Catholic

CITY'S CATHOLICS TURN OUT TO SEE CARDINAL HAYES



A—Science Lecture Room

B—Chemical Laboratory

C—Our School

D—Physical Laboratory

E—Home Room

Conversion

THE DAY had been a wonderful one. Swiftly the sun, which had warmed us, was hiding itself behind a bank of heavy clouds. Our ship plied on, her bow cutting a white pathway through the little, sharp waves which rose and caught in the light of the fading sun, resembling so many busy fireflies. Little puffs of wind came as hurried messengers, bearing the tidings of the approaching storm. The light of the sun was now nearly obliterated by the dark and threatening clouds, and a narrow, shimmering pathway of light was the only clue to the presence of this great friend of mankind.

We stood together on the deck, this chance acquaintance and myself, both lonesome for companionship. We had begun to discuss the topics of the day, and in some indescribable manner we had turned to religion. My acquaintance, a man of emphatic speech, proclaimed that he had no religion. He argued that men were fools to believe in and worship some one whom they had never seen. He denied the existence of God; he clung to his ideas.

Our discussion was cut short by a peal of thunder which seemed to rend the sky, and before we could discover shelter the torrent swept upon us. With a vivid flash and a roar of thunder, the storm broke in all its fury. The waves ran high and the ship was tossed over the great columns of water. With every moment the storm was growing worse. The wind increased in velocity until it assumed the proportions of a gale; the waves, lashed into a seething spray of foam, splashed on the decks.

My acquaintance grew pale. With an expression of mingled terror and agony on his features, he dropped to his knees and cried in a voice that in its pitch was strangely heard above the fury of the storm. Clasping his hands he raised his eyes to heaven and cried out, again and again, "Oh God! Forgive me! Forgive me, oh my God! Let me believe! I do believe!"

Shortly after this the fury of the storm was spent, the waves receded and the sea once again resumed a partial calmness. Almost as quickly as the storm had come, it had abated, but God had added another to His fold, and with His Angels in His Heavenly Kingdom He rejoiced.

C. J. KELLER.

◈ ◈ ◈

Two Days

When the sun is bright,
And the day is light,
Then all seems right
With everyone.

But—
When there is no song,
And the day is long,
Then all seems wrong
With everyone.

C. J. KELLER.

What Shall I Be?

MY EYES stared promiscuously through the dirt-covered glass of the narrow window, considered the dullness of the growing dusk and, despondent, returned their gaze to the book. "Habit," I read, "is the basic quality of morality; by it the spirit will live or perish!" My nerves twitched and my widely-opened eyes were held transfixed, attempting to visualize a realty and then again dubiously sought the printed maxim. Yes, there it was; so real that it seemed as if it glided into my ear from the whispering voice of a human throat, so true, so applicable that I permitted my stealthy gaze to circle the room in search of, as I felt, some threatening presence. Those words had startled my dormant conscience. They had pierced the core of my rotten heart. They had perturbed the depths of my riotous soul.

Unconsciously I closed the book; and, tilting my rickety chair against the wall, referred what I had just read to an analysis of myself. Even as I begin the tears surge under lids unaccustomed to their presence and flow down hardened cheeks. Faces; some loving, others harsh; grimy and again spotless localities; deeds, virtuous and corruptible, appear in a jumble before my mind. Gradually, while I collect my wits, they begin to separate. From the diffusion I can see one face smiling upon me now as it had done in life. Choked with emotion I reach to caress it, but it has gone, my mother's. I can see the hand of my father shaking in its paternal wisdom, beckoning me away from the sloth of my choosing. The holy nuns of my boyhood and the good fathers who had been associated with my early manhood seem to reproach me for my faithlessness. A Judas, I have betrayed them.

I had considered myself inculpable. My pride was too great and temptation had conquered my flaunting will. Petty trifles enticed me to dare greater ventures. All my vices seem to have grown as my indulgence in liquor; a taste, a swallow, a glass, drunkenness and sin. Had I but heeded these words of caution, chosen a vocation and lived a life of righteousness, rather than drift aimlessly with utter disregard for the law of either God or man! Holy Mass, over ten years are gone since I last attended that Sacred Sacrifice. Confession and Communion have long since passed from my observance. Death is next; God help me, death and judgment!

The yawning, gasping mouth of hell stands ready to receive my condemned soul. My physical being trembles with horror and shudders in its iniquity. Then, like the first glimmering ray of the rising sun, comes the doctrine of the prodigal, the inculcation of the religious, to guide me. I must find consolation from this, I must receive the blessings of Penance.

It is Saturday night. My blood burns in my veins while I grope my way through the streets. At last I reach the Church; I mount the steps; I push open the door and stand in the vestibule from which I have so long been absent. I steal up the aisle and kneel. For two long hours I kneel. Ah, it is difficult. Seemingly unknowing, I find myself in the confessional. The slide moves back. I bless myself. I begin, "Bless me, father. I confess to Almighty God and to you, father, that I have sinned"—why, why—.

"Aw'r right ma, I'll be down in a minute."

HOWARD SLAVIN.

"Visus, tactus, gustus in te fallitur,
Sed auditu solo tuto creditur:
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius,
Nil hoc verbo veritatis verius."

A flower, blooming in the Spring
of Life,
Struck down and blighted by the
Reaper's hand.
In memory of his child—a father's
love,
Is spreading useful knowledge
through the land.

Francis P. Garvan

A STRANGER is always welcome to our assembly. To hear a new voice from the stage is a pleasant treat. However, it is very seldom that we, the students of Aquinas, are privileged to listen to a man who is carrying on a work so widespread in its generosity and so noble in its purpose as that which Francis P. Garvan has undertaken and is so successfully executing.

Mr. Garvan, as he entered the auditorium on February tenth, impressed us greatly. At once his frankly modest way, his friendly attitude attracted the student body. As he spoke in a voice charming and attractive, the attention of all present was drawn to the gravity with which he treated his subject, and the respect which he evinced for the memory which that subject aroused.

Briefly, yet clearly and concisely, Mr. Garvan announced his mission; touchingly he described the illness and death of his little daughter, Patricia. He explained that in memory to his child, in the hope and desire of furthering chemical science, he had instituted the work in which he is now most earnestly engrossed. After a brief survey of the innumerable benefits derived from the practical application of chemistry, he concluded by appealing to his youthful audience to do all possible to become acquainted with, and to spread a knowledge of this study.

Mr. Garvan is a splendid example of a staunch American Catholic. His love of his Faith and the pride which he feels in his membership in the Grand Old Church were very apparent in his enumeration of the Catholic contributors to science. By his brief but very interesting address, Mr. Garvan left an impression on the students which will last because of the interest and enthusiasm which it aroused.

WILLIAM QUINLAN.

Our Chapel

OUR spacious high school now stretches high and wide. Numerous rooms line every corridor, each built for the students of the school, for their educational progress. But having traveled down to the northern end of the first floor corridor, turn to the left. There is the room of God, a place where Aquinas students avail themselves of each precious opportunity of conversing with their Master.

Any day at lunchtime hundreds of students, with eager faces, rush in the opposite direction. They hurry on until they reach the cafeteria. Happily they feed their hungry bodies with solid and dainty foods. A few moments later, the lads come forth, their faces spelling the satisfaction of stomachs well-filled. Buoyantly they joke and quip before they return to their classes. Observe closely, there is a happy-faced youth separating from the crowd. Yes, here and there, you see boys turning away from their companions. Quickly, expectantly, the first walks down the corridor and turns to the left. In a moment he kneels in reverent awe while he raises his thoughts to heaven. He places his life, his work, his sufferings in Christ's holy Hands. He nourishes his thirsting soul with the profound love and supreme goodness of the Divine Being. The lad becomes a true friend of Jesus as he kneels there in prayer. Then, slowly, reluctantly, he leaves. Through the remaining hours of the day he goes with God's consuming love and firm strength in his boyish heart.

Yet there are some who forget Him Who resides in that holy chapel; they feed their mortal bodies and starve their undying souls. Let this be so no longer! Let all of us, every day, visit our chapel and the kind God it shelters. Every one of us needs Him. We need the help, the inspiration, the patience, the love that He alone can give. He will aid us in every trial and difficulty for He truly loves us. Kneeling before our Sacramental Friend, let us give our minds, our hearts, our souls unto Him. He will take them, oh, so gladly and make them holy. He, in those visits, will show us the way to heaven.

With hundreds of lads hurrying, every noonday towards the chapel to converse with God, Aquinas must rise far above material institutions. It must be, in truth, a community of God-loving souls and an institution sending forth from its portals genuine Catholic men to sanctify a wicked world.

GREGORY V. DRUMM.

◈ ◈ ◈

"I Fled Him"

I disowned Him, mocked Him
Severed oft His sacred right.
And still He waited,
Endured me,
Kind, patient, humble in all His might.

I sensed Him, saw Him,
Scorned in pride His kindly face,
But, though He knew,
He kept me,
Ugly recipient of His loving grace.

I left Him, hid Him,
Clothed by darkest night in blackest ways;
But 'twas not dark
For Him I saw
In askance, smiling a smile of brightest rays.

Back I stole, slunk back,
Entered where I had denied;
There, without reproach,
He took me
And to my fearful insults so replied.

HOWARD P. SLAVIN.

The Seasons

As The Poet Sees Them . . . . *As The Sports Writer Sees Them . .*

SPRING

Gurgling rivulets . . . .
Dashing, splashing,
Caressing sun-dried boulders . . . .
Tiny buds . . . .
Nestling in the bosom . . .
Of the earth . . . .
Red-breasted songsters . . .
Singing their praises to God . .
In hushed notes . . .

Training . . . Charley Horse . .
Rubdowns . . . Arms overworked . .
Contracts . . . Schedules . .
Boastful managers . . .
Predictions . . . pennant winners
Yannigans . . . Batting practise
Ashwood . . . . Horse hide . . . . Tees
Holes in one . . . . Foursomes.
Birdies . . mental hazards.

SUMMER

Skies . . . . swept . . . .
With foamy mists of white . . . .
Wheat fields . . . . waving . . . .
In the soft south wind . . . .
Squirrels . . . . playing . . . .
In the shady nooks . . . .
Of perfumed woods . . . .

Games . . . . Tabulations . . . .
Statistics . . . . Discussions . . . .
Umpires . . . . Score boards . . .
World series . . . . Sets . . . .
Doubles . . . . Singles . . . .
Steeplechases . . . . Races
Automobile sweepstakes . .

FALL

A golden carpet . . . . spread . . . .
Upon the ground . . . . Silence . . . .
In the greatest cathedrals . .
Of God . . . . the woods . . . .
Crisp nights . . Bursting barns . .
Fields . . . glowing with the pumpkin . .

Struggles . . . . Football . . . .
Broken Collarbones . . . .
Punts . . . . Kick-offs . . Dashes . .
Colleges . . . Cheer-leaders . . .
Soccer . . . Lacrosse . . . Rowing
Records . . Prizes . . Congratulations

WINTER

A blanket . . sparkling . . jeweled . .
Covers all nature . . .
The sound of tinkling sleigh-bells .
Floats o'er the crisp night air . .
The ring of steel skates . . .
Against the frozen pond.

Bowling . . Wrestling . . Boxing
Champions . . Basketball . .
Individual scorers . . Baskets . .
Tournaments . . Skating contests
Hockey . . Coasting . . Tobogganing
Skiing . . . . Meets.

C. J. KELLER.

◈ ◈ ◈

WHY STUDY?

The more you study, the more you know;
The more you know, the more you forget;
The more you forget, the less you know—
So why study?

The less you study, the less you know,
The less you know, the less you forget;
The less you forget, the more you know—
So why study?

The Arete

Mors Tarda

(Experienced when called to the office)

Come, Sweet Death, relieve me,
  Kind Hecate, lead me away.
Release me from the fetters
  Of this corrupted clay.
  O Strike; O Slay!

At last, 'tis life's light waning,
  The ray of this eye grows dim,
The lid above it quivers,
  Of a mind so steeped in sin,
  This silence is din.

One step I take to eternity.
  Do I find there Hell or Bliss?
I stand impaled in judgment
  By the Reverend Analyst.
  I am in the office.

HOWARD P. SLAVIN.

◈ ◈ ◈

My First Watch

When I was a boy of the happy and careless age of five or six, which is really not so long ago, I received a watch on my birthday as a gift from my grandfather. Now, everyone knows that a boy of that age is indeed very curious as well as destructive, and I was no exception, you may be sure. The bright, glittering case with its handsome face and smooth crystal captivated my attention at once. The strange, ticking sounds which issued from within, filled me with inquisitiveness and wonder. What made the queer noise? Was something broken or was the watch made to sound that way? Well, I was bound to answer this question myself and answer it soon.

Armed with a letter opener, a hat pin and a pen knife, I undertook the task of satisfying my curiosity. The manner in which I dismantled that watch would certainly have made its Swiss maker weep with shame. A wrench on this wheel and a yank on that spring seemed to bring little favorable results. The parts all became loose and tangled up under the twists and turn of the penknife which was in my guiding hand.

When I came to the conclusion that nothing had been wrong but my conception of the works, the watch was a mass of shattered wheels, cogs, and springs. The contents of its case would surely have given the inventor of the crossword puzzle something to test his brain power. My knowledge of machinery was greatly increased by this experiment but the price had been high; my watch was ruined!

P. YAWMAN.

The Library

In the midst of our busy high school life, there are two places where silence ever reigns, the chapel where we commune with our Friend of friends, and the library where dwells the Muse of literature. What formed the subject of many a day dream during the past three years, we now, as seniors, enjoy, a library where we may feast at will whether literature, history, biography, fiction, science or the latest standard periodical be our quest. As one enters this sanctum, a sense of quiet restfulness conducive to deep thought and earnest research steals upon him. The dignity and refinement of the atmosphere hold him bound until the gong summoning him to recitation interrupts his literary feast.

W. LANG.

◈ ◈ ◈

Through the pages of the Arete we desire to thank those who during the present scholastic year made donations of books to Aquinas Library: The Reverend Bernard Gefell, The Reverend Francis Kunz, The Reverend Arthur Florack, The Reverend George Kalb, Mrs. D. B. Murphy, Miss Mary L. Daly, Mr. Charles E. Callahan, the Ernst Family, the Hery Family.

The Arete

Speaking My First Piece

I CAN never forget the time I spoke my first piece to an audience. It was at a graduating exercise and I, unfortunately, had been chosen by the sisters to give a recitation. Ignorant of the terrors of public speaking, I went through the rehearsals enthusiastically and memorized the piece.

The fatal night came on with giant strides and before I knew it the class was being arranged in seats behind the curtain. At last, the signal being given, the curtain went up and I was looking out on what seemed to be a great multitude of people.

My recitation was third, luckily, and I watched the first go through his speech with mingled feelings of pity and growing uneasiness. I hoped I wouldn't stammer, struggle, gulp and fidget like him. The second boy was called and I was next. Ye Gods! if I should forget my lines—. Nervously I tried to review them to myself and found to my consternation that I was unable to think! At this critical moment I heard my name called and I jumped up as though stuck with a pin. Ashamed at this betrayal of nervousness, I tried to assume an appearance of nonchalance which was a dismal failure. I took a central position on the stage and although the sea of faces made me dizzy, I swallowed the lump in my throat and began the beautiful little poem which I had prepared. To my alarm my voice sounded strange and unnatural. This further excited me and I went on hurriedly, determined to get it over with as soon as possible.

While I was mechanically reciting the speech from memory, my mind was far from the theme of the poet. "What were all the people smiling about?" Maybe my stocking was coming down. Maybe my face was dirty. My heart quaked at the thought but I went on desperately. "Confound that stiff collar, it's choking me! Gosh, but it's hot in this place. My face feels as if it were on fire. What did the sisters put this job on me for? If I ever do this again I'll be either drunk or crazy." As I neared the end of the poem the agony was becoming unbearable. "That poet ought to be hung for writing such a long poem and those sisters—well I'd fix them." At last the piece was ended and I tottered to my seat, with shattered nerves and wet from perspiration. I sank into the chair with a sigh of relief, but the whole evening had been blighted for me. I hung apart and in my humiliation cursed the world, the poem and the day I was born. For a week afterwards I was ashamed to look anyone in the face. Gradually the sting of it wore away but I still remember enough to stamp that night as one of the most trying of my life.

JOHN MCNALLY.

◆ ◆ ◆

Lang: Gosh! Pat, how did you get that ink all over yourself?

Slavin: I was writing a theme about automobiles and it was so realistic that my fountain pen backfired.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mr. Ryan: We now come to the reign of the Stuarts. What do you say about these three kings, Fisher?

Fisher (sleepily): You win, Jacks is the best I have.

THE AUDITORIUM

The newly organized Aquinas Dramatic Club is making earnest preparations for the presentation of its first play, "Pals First," by Lee Wilson Dodd. Mr. Schnitzer, who is directing the cast, states that every opportunity is offered for the effective displaying of its histrionic abilities. In as much as no previous effort has been made in this line, the faculty and students await with interest this auspicious occasion.

C. TREMER.

◈ ◈ ◈

Day Dreams

I sat enraptured in a vale of dreams,
  Forgetting that around me was a world,
Before me, I imagined golden beams,
  A throne—a crown—and banners all unfurl'd.

I saw myself then seated on the throne,
  Bedecked in costly robes of red and green;
And, thinking that I ought not be alone,
  I wished to summon to me then my queen.

I reached to pull upon a silken cord,
  A page to call, who should bear my epistle.
Expectant, listened I to hear him answer, "lord!"
  I heard him not—the bell rang—for dismissal.

C. J. KELLER.

Getting the Returns

A CITIZEN of our fair city slowly sauntered down Main Street, stopping now and then as some display in a window caught his eye. In appearance he seemed to be an ordinary person; perhaps what the newspaper editors term a man-about-town. On crossing South Avenue he quickened his pace for there came to his ears a sound of vociferous cheering and—what man among us can refuse a curiosity of that kind?

On arriving at the scene he found an immense crowd of high school boys and other people lining both sides of Main street and extending so far into the street as almost to block traffic. All were looking fixedly at an open window in the second floor of the Democrat and Chronicle and Rochester Herald building, and from the undertone of interest that pervaded those assembled, he judged they were awaiting something of more than usual excitement to happen. Glancing at the window he saw only a few young fellows lounging about, exchanging "bon mots" with those below. His curiosity now thoroughly aroused, he asked a little fellow who had been making himself obnoxious by his excessive squirming the reason of this assemblage. He was immediately put to shame for his ignorance by the scornful look that accompanied the boy's answer, "Aquinas is playing in the finals of the tournament in Chicago and we're waiting for the returns of the game."

"A——". Here was the reason for the vociferous cheering, the immense mob and the deep undertone of interest. This was why the little fellow made himself obnoxious and why everybody seemed keyed to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. He, too, began to be receptive to the spirit that so fervently imbued those surrounding him. The feeling became more pronounced as he observed the rapt countenances that expressed far more lucidly than my poor words how ardently they were behind their team. "How," he soliloquized, "could any team do anything but their best with this spirit behind them?" His train of reflections was interrupted by a figure appearing in the window with a megaphone. "Aquinas leads at the third quarter, 16-13," was what he said. What a deafening concussion of yells greeted that announcement! Jubilantly the boys jumped up and down, thumped backs and, in the exhilaration that followed this sensational news, he found himself doing a waltz of joy with some unknown stranger. Now, completely enthralled by this exultant school spirit, he joined whole-heartedly in the pæan of victory that succeeded the first outburst of enthusiasm.

During the time before the next announcement he learned a great deal more about Aquinas from his now talkative neighbors. How they had advanced to the finals by defeating LaSalle, Latin High, Spaulding Institute and finally the confident Wichita quint in a game so replete with gameness and fight that it provided Chicogoans with conversation for months to come. How they expected Joe Kennedy to win a position on the All-American and how Mac, the coach, ought to receive some kind of recognition of his sublime labors.

Again the figure was at the window, but——Oh! how different was the announcement! A foreboding of the bad tidings could be obtained from the countenance of the sorrow-stricken lad. If ever a lesson in pathos needed an exemplification it was furnished by this boy as he dolefully said, "Aquinas loses; final score 18 to 16." The crowd was too dumbfounded to immediately grasp the import of his words. When their significance became apparent dismay took possession of each individual's heart, forming therein a nest of sorrow that would take many days to evict. Slowly and mournfully the crowd began to disband and as he passed a group of young fellows one of them was heard to say, "Well, they did their best;"—but it was uttered with a sobbing catch in his voice.

JOHN BROGAN.

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It was on the trolley going to Syracuse on the day of the C. B. A. game. Jim Cleary rises, politely taps a stout lady on the elbow and says: "Won't you please take my seat, madam?"

"Thank you so much," she replied. She turned around to occupy the vacant seat and asked:

"Just where did you get up from, sir?"

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Optimism

It is health, wealth and wisdom, too,
To cheerfully come and go;
"I will be glad" makes a burden light,
And eases every woe.

Your aches grow less and years tell not
While spirit keeps its youth;
Let joys slip in amidst your cares
If you would prove this truth.

Be kind and just to all you meet,
Give freely, words of cheer;
For many hearts beat languidly
'Neath eyes that hold a tear.

LAWRENCE COTTIER.

◈ ◈ ◈

Father Kohl: Brogan, name something necessary for life.
Brogan: Er——
Father Kohl: Correct, now name a food rich in fats.
Brogan: But——Er——
Father Kohl: Correct, sit down.

The Arete

The Hypochondriac

"Well, Well," said the doctor surprisingly, as he gazed upon his ailing patient, affected with the dreadful disease of hypochondriasis, "How are you today?"

"I'm not quite as well as I'm accustomed to be, doctor, but I think I am improving some. That medicine you gave me last week, I don't think it did me much good; I still have that desperate pain in my back and in my head. Don't you think you can do something that will quiet that rheumatism in my side? I had a very restless time for the last few nights; I could hardly lie upon my back or side. I had to keep turnin' and turnin' and once during the night I fell out of the bed. I sprained my ankle and was just about able to walk around the next day.

"Last night I had a severe time with the earache; my wife had to get up several times and rub my ear hard for a quarter of an hour at a time. She put a roasted onion into it and put hot applications on it and that relieved it some; but I didn't get a wink of sleep until it was time to get up. For the past month, doctor, I've had a most nervous headache; those pills you gave me did not seem to cure it at all. That head of mine would thump so with pain, at times, I thought it would burst open.

"Due to the cold weather of late, I've been afflicted with the grippe. That troublesome and hacking cough is beginning to pester me again. Doctor, what do you suppose you could do to relieve that stiffness in the back of my neck? Sometimes I can hardly look around without turning the whole of my body.

"Doctor, I'm beginning to think I am the most affected person in all the states. I have consulted every doctor in the town and not one seems to understand my case. What shall I do? If this pain in my left hip keeps up I'm afraid I'll have to confine myself to bed for the rest of my life. Every time there is a change of weather it affects me so severely.

"I am still suffering from the gout, doctor. I have tried several applications of hot vinegar but as yet I can't find anything that does me the least good.

"The other day, doctor, I struck my left leg against the chair and knocked a piece of skin that big off my shin. But that isn't all. The same day, as I was ascending the steps into the house, my feet accidently slipped from under me, my hands went up in the air and I fell down with a thud. My face alighted upon the steps; I broke my nose, cut my lower lip, scratched my face as you may see and knocked out four of my front teeth. Now I only have one tooth in my mouth, doctor, and that aches. I suffered horribly and as my face is not healed as yet, it is not even fit to be seen, especially by the women folks.

"Really, doctor, I don't know what to do. I got ten corns on my toes, a big wart on the back of my neck and my hands are full of callouses, and I'm afraid, doctor, that I'm going to have the yellow jaundice."

LEONARD M. MAYER.

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Leonard Mayer

Waldert: Don't I smell wood burning?

Callaghan: Oh, that's only Jimmy Clark getting hot-headed again.

Heyday in the Cafeteria

The cafeteria resounded with its usual noise and din that Friday noon. The low mumble of conversation with here and there a laugh interjecting; the scraping of chairs, the clattering of trays and dishes all tended to prove that the routine of the cafeteria was proceeding smoothly.

Suddenly a boy sitting at one of the foremost tables gave a shout of surprise that awakened the echoes and, jumping to his feet, he ejaculated a short sentence in a high-pitched, excited voice. His speech and behavior had a remarkable effect upon the students. What before had been a placid, unruffled cafeteria now became a scene of the wildest confusion. The students in the immediate vicinity of his table rushed toward him to ascertain the cause of his startled vociferations. The contagion spread. The diners in the rear followed the rule of mob psychology and crowded toward the front tables. The ring around the boy grew larger and larger as the boys pushed and shoved, overturned chairs and upset trays in their endeavors to get as near as possible to him. They thronged around him, patting him on the back and offering their heartiest congratulations; and surging this way and that, they fought for the inestimable privilege of shaking his hand. What a turmoil it was!

Father Brien sauntered through the doorway. (How quick he is to scent a disturbance.) By dint of almost superhuman efforts he was able to force his way through the crowd to the center of agitation. "What is the matter here?", he queried in amazement. Instantly a clamor of voices arose, each one attempting to inform him of the stupendous thing that occurred. Finally the answer reached him. Jimmy Clark had found a clam in the clam chowder!

JOHN BROGAN.

The Arete

A Failure

SCENERY rushed past as the train bumped on. I sat down with a jerk, brushing against the inner occupant of the seat. A young man of some nineteen years readily accepted my apology. We fell into conversation. Four years he had spent in diligent application to studies, which had terminated in his graduation from high school just two days ago. Many scholastic honors had been heaped upon him. He had won a medal for oratory and a college scholarship. His deep chest was thrown out in pride, his face smiled satisfaction as he told me of his achievements. It was evident he deemed himself a success. My brother's voice called me from the next seat, so I excused myself and left.

Several minutes later loud words from across the aisle broke upon my ear. Curiosity held me so I looked and listened. Two gray-haired men were engaged in ardent conversation.

"Evolution has all the world confused," came from the more wrinkled of the two.

"Yes nearly everyone believes differently, yet each person has no clear ideas on his own belief," agreed the other.

The talk kindled warmer.

The first was at it again. "Well I surely believe that we humans evolved from lower types of animals."

"Yes, you do, but how many ignorant or obstinate people think otherwise. Take, for instance, the Catholic, he refuses to believe this evolution. Bunk, he calls it," added the smoother faced man.

The other nodded and pointed across the aisle. "There's a fellow who graduated from a Catholic High School in my town. Ask him what the Catholic belief is."

My eyes shot to my former companion. With shoulders well back, his face, held high, beamed happy contentment. He turned to join the conversation.

The first elected himself spokesman. "You're a Catholic. What is your belief on evolution?"

The men's eyes were riveted on the lad's face. He reddened, then dulled, he gulped and his chest sank a little. His lips parted and promptly closed. The man became impatient.

"Come, do you believe man evolved from monkey or some other animal?" this from the spokesman.

The boy's eyes flashed back into memory. A look of recollection, then, of dark oblivion crossed his countenance.

At last he mumbled, "Man didn't come from monkey but God created him as he is now."

"Can you prove it?" cuttingly asked the second.

"No, I can't prove it but that's what I was taught, I guess."

"Oh, taught hey, pretty poor reason for believing it," the spokesman crushed the boy with these words.

The boy wretchedly withdrew from the conversation into the confines of his own seat. The first man was audibly expressing his opinion. "Yes, he's just another obstinate Catholic, like all the rest, illogical, narrow minded, bigoted."

I bounded to the lad's side to discover the reason for his ignorance concerning evolution. The lad lay crumpled in the depths of the seat. His chest was caved in. His face, spelling discontent, looked out from a head drooped in despair.

He told me the painful truth. "Six periods a day I paid attention to my work. One period I loafed. That was Christian Doctrine. I dreamed through every day of it, never even hearing lectures on my religion. A long instruction on Evolution was given one day, but fool that I was, I didn't listen."

The truth came hard. His face worked in mental pain. His eyes were sad while his chest heaved long sighs that shook his head, still hanging low.

He looked up and said, "I know a lot about physical sciences, history, languages and the rest, yet I don't know my own religion. I am a miserable failure.

GREGORY V. DRUMM.

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Changes at Aquinas

I wandered today to Aquinas Institute,
A building of fame and local repute;
But I must admit I was greatly distressed,
So small were its students and so trimly dressed!

It differed so greatly from the school I had known
That the joy of my visit seemed to have flown.
On inquiring, I found there no longer a "Red",
Nor a "Jimmy" nor "Sully" nor "Toddy" nor "Ted."

I asked then for "Eddie," "Scotty," "Mort," and the rest;
They all were gone from the school I love best.
"Those boys all are gone," they replied to my query;
This answer so sad made me feel very weary.

To offset my sadness (I was glad I came back),
As I wandered about I came upon "Mac."
He still keeps the same, so jovial yet grim;
And he still is kept busy teaching boys how to win.

"Mac" showed me the gym, which I thought very fair,
I preferred the old hall, with its blasts of cold air;
I asked how the team went since "Sul" went away,
"Mac" answered that they still could beat C. B. A.

As in days gone by this is now the big game,
We beat C. B. A. and spread Aquinas' fame;
The old spirit also still is right there;
The boys are clean sports and always play fair.

In writing this nonsense I've a purpose in sight,
That the boys there now with their old Irish fight,
Shall not forget "Toddy," "Red," "Sully," or "Joe;"
They were the heroes of the dear long ago.

G. MANNING.

"Spirits, Spirits, Everywhere, but Not a Drop to Drink"

IT WAS a dark and stormy night (it always is in a story) in February, when Thomas Riley drove forth his phaeton model Maxwell of a vintage of 1914. It had been saved from an untimely death in a local junk yard for the exorbitant price of fourteen dollars and was now to see yeoman duty in carrying five youths of Aquinas Institute to the neighboring city of Syracuse that they might witness with their own eyes the annihilation of their school's basketball team.

These fearless youths had barely set forth when the icy finger of fear was placed in their hearts, for the driver, Mr. Riley, remarked that many of his friends had placed wagers with him that his little car would not stand the rigors of the journey. From this moment on the trip ceased to be an expectation, it became a wish. But the little road demon staggered into Port Byron at noon with Syracuse only twenty-five miles away. The hungry adventurers made their way into a large restaurant, the advertisements of which had cheered them for many a mile on their journey through the wilderness known as Montezuma swamp. Five cups of coffee were ordered while the brave boys debated who should bring in the lunches which reposed in the car. Finally the duty fell upon the author and when the proprietor of the lunchroom beheld the nature of the packages he bore, it was with the greatest effort that the boys could prevent him from killing the youth.

The hasty repast over, the boys resumed their pilgrimage and were in sight of their goal when Mr. Riley saw a wrecked car by the roadside. With all speed, he retraced part of the journey, searching for the sheriff, that he might buy the puzzle in tin. But the worthy personage would not part with the wreck, much to my enjoyment, for we could barely navigate in the wreck we were in without towing another one.

While but a few feet from our destination, we received the supreme thrill of our lives. We were proceeding gaily down Salina street and, believing that Syracuse was a true hick town, we failed to notice that the worthy city had stop signals. We proceeded to pass a stop signal—offense number one; we took a left hand turn—offense number two; and cut directly in front of a large truck which came to a grinding stop and, to our horror, we realized it was the patrol wagon. In deathlike silence we waited for the law to descend, but it did not descend and we rode on lauding the Syracuse civic system.

After the game, of which it is best not to speak, we started back, but not the hungry five. One of us, Joe Burns, had fallen by the wayside. The spring breezes had caressed his face till it was swollen like "Red" Grange's bank account, and he was forced to return on the train. Starting at midnight we tore through the dark at the terrific speed of ten miles an hour. Our lunch was almost exhausted and we were forced to feed on pickles and bananas. This hearty diet was supplemented by coffee obtained in any and every all-night lunch between here and Syracuse. I lost count at the four hundred and third cup. Dan Connelly and I, who were riding in the rear seat, kept life within us by taking turns lying on the floor of the

car. We were in this position when we heard Mr. Riley remark that he hoped the front "shoes" would hold out. Immediately a back tire expired with a loud sob. We cheerfully munched bananas while the Messrs. Riley and Schmitz changed the tire, keeping themselves warm by remarking on our laziness.

Six cups of coffee later we pulled into Rochester and Mr. Schmitz, after eight hours on the road, sweetly remarked, "Here we are all ready." Handicapped by the cold we did not kill him but we did our best. We then adjourned to our various homes, where we entered into rest.

It is with scorn that I hear speakers at our assemblies ask the pupils to come out to a game. Come out! Let them venture a hundred miles through the frozen wilderness with nothing but a collegiate between them and death and then they may well cry out for school spirit. But it will not be school spirit that they will want. It will be that brand of spirits that comes in a bottle with crosses on it and a silvered top.

JOHN H. DORSCHEL.

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Our Team

My heart leaps up, when I behold
Our team upon the floor;
There's "Rip" and "Yonno" ever strong,
With "Joe" and "Tom" to thrill the throng.

When Joe starts dribbling down the floor
We're all up on our toes;
While "Skee's" set shots from any point
Just make us tingle in every joint.

With charm we watch the game proceed,
As "Yonno" ties the score.
I charge you, Sir, if try you must,
To get by Jigger—you'll bite the dust.

We scream, we shout, we call time out
When Tiny palms the ball
And with all fans, I'll wager much,
Slowe's faithful checking no one can touch.

JOSEPH WINKLER.

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Fr. Grady: . .Now Mr. Ashe, tell me what is the opposite of misery?
Ashe . . . . . .Happiness.
Fr. Grady. . .What is the opposite of sadness?
Ashe . . . . . .Gladness.
Fr. Grady. . .Very well, Tom, now what is the opposite of woe?
Ashe . . . . . .Why, GIDDAP.

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Father Ball (during exam.): What's that on your cuff, young man?

Soph—That's all right, father, that's just the work of my Chinese Laundryman.

Frequent Communion

WE ALL must travel through life. Each of us is born, lives and dies. The births of persons are quite alike, but how much different the lives and deaths. The difference arises from ideals, from thoughts, from actions, and these from religion. We Catholics know we possess the true religion, the religion founded by God Himself. What has He given to help us? We have the seven Sacraments to instil into our souls the grace to lead a holy life. There is among these the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist.

Frequent Communion is a priceless virtue. "Communion is the reception of the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, under the appearance of bread and wine." O, the infinite value of this reception! Jesus Christ steps within the doors of a human dwelling. Almighty God is living in the nature of man, imparting His holy grace to his being. Jesus converses with the heart, counsels the soul, fortifies the will. The imperfection of man comes into contact with the perfection of God. Human nature is made more perfect. Jesus strengthens man's weakness; He sanctifies man's action; He fires man's love for God. Into the incompleteness of man comes the completeness of Christ, the love of God. Into the human frame enters the bodily essence of Jesus, into the human heart pours the blood of Jesus. The body of man grows from perfect Food, that Food God Himself. Into the soul of man comes Christ's own Soul, all powerful, all loving; into the human essence comes the Divine nature. Soul of God and Soul of man exist together. The artificial curtain that hides the scene of heaven is drawn apart by the hand of God. The transient, earthly things are thrown into the background and the heavenly landscape becomes the foremost object. Bitterness of pain turns to sweetness of suffering, wearing toil becomes holy work, Satan's temptations grow into celestial trials; dreary existence becomes a heavenward path.

Through life goes a frequent recipient existing, suffering; yet, his is no mere existence, no bare toil, no meaningless suffering, it is a sanctified path that leads to heaven and to God. At the end of the worldly road, he turns from a life of grace to begin an eternal union with the Divine counseling Lover. He is, then, forever united with Jesus Christ Whom he so often received on earth.

But words are so powerless to tell the value of Communion, to express the worth of the reception of Jesus. To learn the real value of frequent Communion, practice it. Receive into your soul Jesus Christ, make of Him a frequent Visitor, convert your soul into God's enduring tabernacle. Only then will you appreciate the infinite value of the frequent reception of Jesus Christ, the Son of God!

GREGORY V. DRUMM.

The Stage

FROM the most ancient times, the stage has offered to many nations one of the greatest forms of recreation and diversion. It has passed through a process of evolution from the time of the early Greeks, through the period of the Shakespearian drama, down to the present day.

The theater in the days of the ancient Greeks was vastly different from that of today. It consisted of an amphitheater, invariably situated so as to be open to the sky, surrounding a circular platform which served as the stage. Of scenery, there was none and the characters were portrayed by men alone who wore grotesque masks. The play itself was not unlike an opera, the narrative being carried on by a chorus which from time to time gave way to the dialogue of the actors. Both tragedy and comedy found favor with the Athenians; the plays of Sophocles and Aeschylus providing the heavier types of the drama, while the comedy consisted of satire on the leading citizens of the day. Although the stage of today differs in so many instances from the ancient stage, it is readily seen that it has retained some of the features of the ancient Greek stage.

In the time of Shakespeare, the stage was employed as a medium to convey to the people of England, what is known as "The National Spirit or Ideal." The stage of this period shows some change from that of the Greeks. The theater was no longer the pretentious open-to-air stadium, but a simple edifice utterly unlike the magnificent theaters of today. The somewhat odd custom of employing men only was dropped and both sexes took part in the drama. One feature of the Greek drama was preserved,—the chorus.

It was the part of the chorus to appear before each act in a prologue which suggested the locale of the act and supplied whatever the action might leave lacking in the continuity. At the suggestion of the chorus the audience traveled in imagination from place to place as the locale of the story changed and pictured scenes that would have been difficult and costly to produce.

The genius of Shakespeare dramatized all of life but we are especially concerned with those plays in which he wove his plot around some historical fact. These plays are veritable pageants of history in which the great national heroes of England are paraded in deeds of epic greatness. Shakespeare's underlying purpose in plays of this type was to awaken a sense of patriotism in the English people by appealing to their pride in "The National Ideal."

In the present period, the stage differs vastly from the stage of Shakespeare. The theater, in Shakespeare's day a simple, rude structure, is today one of the most prominent and pretentious buildings of the city. That interpreting body, the chorus, which played so important a part in the plays of Shakespeare, is long since a thing of the past, and today other methods are employed to provide the most exacting reality. Expensive and ingenious mechanism is employed by the spoken drama to provide for the audience an illusion that vies with reality; in the silent drama, better known as "the movies", millions of dollars are spent annually to

bring before the spectator the exact locality and the "atmosphere" of the play. Today the imagination is neglected and the play-goer prefers to pay a large price to see what he terms "the real thing" rather than to make use of the imagination, which if properly employed, as in the time of Shakespeare, would bring results fully as effective.

Whether the stage of today with all its costly devices to produce the illusion of reality is superior to the stage of Shakespeare's day when the imagination of the audience had a vital and necessary office—or whether it has taken a backward step, is a discussion on which it is not our purpose to enter. After all the play is the thing; the drama continues to instruct and amuse.

FRANCIS NASH.

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Habits

Little by little we live our lives. Each moment can see but one thought, one word, one action; yet in the continuance of words, thoughts, deeds, we form a guide of life, a destroyer or a builder. We call this habit. Habit binds us like a lengthy chain, each act, a link; habit guides us like a rail, each thought, a length; habit confines us in a sturdy coral, each deed, a picket. We must form habits for we must repeat actions. So, as each moment comes, let all of us do our best, that our lives may be a splendid collection of excellent habits.

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Slightly Erroneous

While standing on a street corner
About a week ago,
I heard two men conversing,
In tones so sweet and low.

Now one was tall and lanky,
The other, short and fat;
They made a noticeable pair
As they stood there to chat.

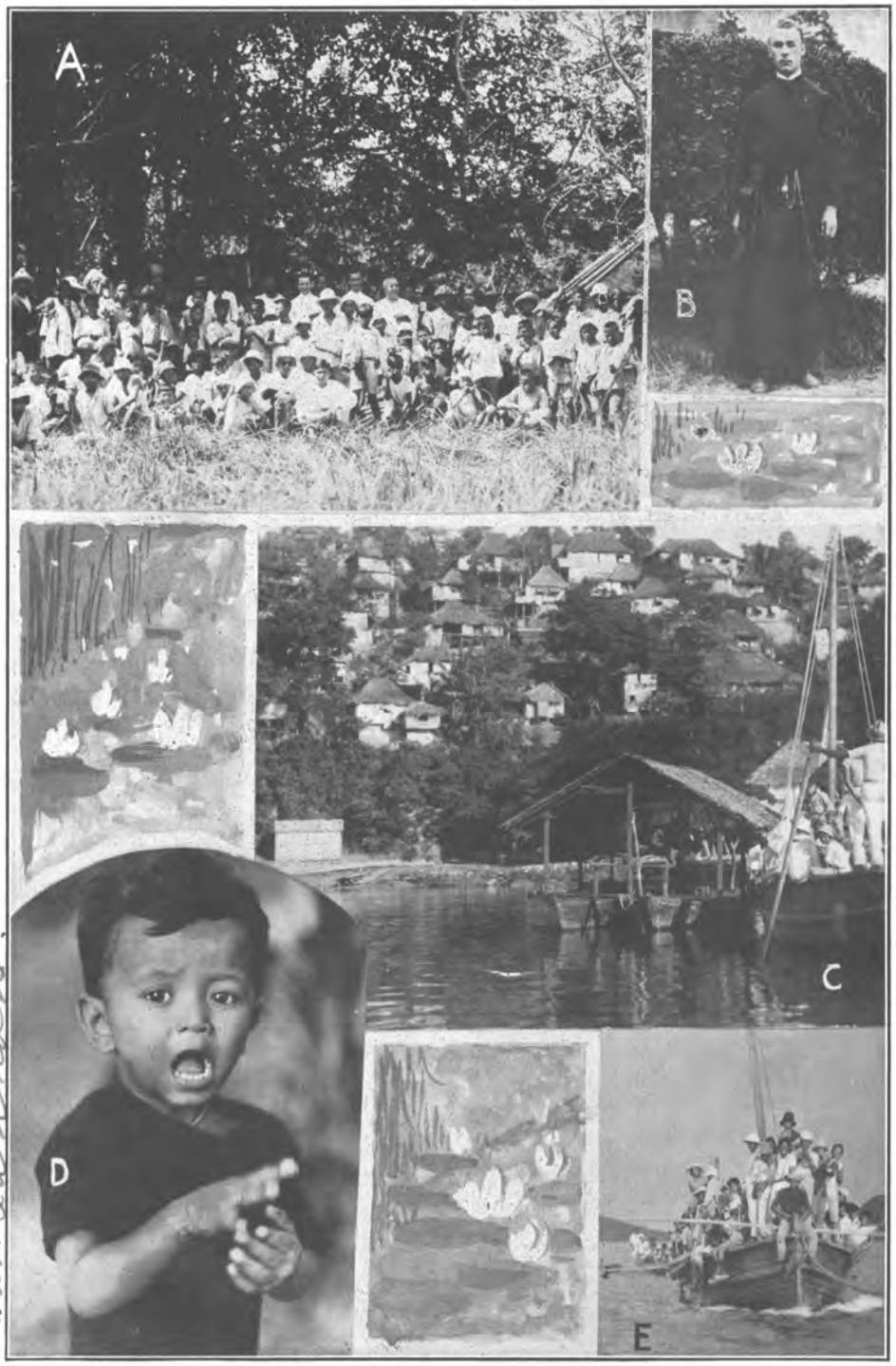
But as these two friends parted,
It seemed to me 'twas wrong;
The tall man's name I learned was Short,
While the shorty's name was Long.

C. J. KELLER.

A Trip to Culion Island Leper Colony

LEPROSY, the dreaded disease of the Orient, one of the oldest afflictions of mankind, and for centuries thought to be incurable, is gradually being stamped out in the Philippines, thanks to the vigorous method of the Governor-General, Leonard Wood. It is true that the terrible disease is still surrounded with many mysteries especially as to its cause and its method of transmission from one person to another, yet with careful research by skillful physicians, both Americans and Filipinos, these mysteries are slowly being solved. The leper colony on Culion Island contains in its hospitals, dormitories and private houses about six thousand of the afflicted people in various stages of the disease; besides this colony there is a group of lepers to the number of about one thousand at San Lazaro Hospital, Manila, and three thousand more scattered throughout the Islands.

Ever since my arrival in Manila in July of 1924 I had been looking forward to a visit to Culion Island, and in June of the following year I had the pleasure of achieving my object. Two other scholastics accompanied me, and after receiving the necessary permission of the Father Superior of our Mission here and from the government officials, we embarked aboard the U. S. Revenue Cutter Basilan. This boat is a small two decker employed in turn as a revenue boat, a lighthouse tender, a hospital boat for bringing lepers to Culion and as a passenger and freight boat to supply the few isolated ports in the Islands not taken care of by the numerous inter-island boats. Besides the officers' cabins, there are two or three other cabins on the lower deck, and one of these the captain reserved for our use; but it proved so small and inconveniently placed that we used it merely as a storeroom for our baggage, spending all of our time on the upper deck. Among the passengers were Dr. Jose Avellana, the superintendent of the whole colony at Culion, several doctors returning from the fortnight's visit to Manila, the wife of the chief chemist and the assistant director of the Bureau of Commerce and Industry, who was making the annual inspection of the lighthouses along the route; in addition there were a half dozen fathers and mothers on their way to pay a visit to their children or relatives at Culion. The lower deck was crowded with third-class passengers, poor people who were making a visit to their relatives at Culion or returning to their work there; these sat in the rear of the boat among their baggage, which consisted of bags and bundles, a few chickens, a parrot or two, some game cocks, three young pigs and numerous dogs, also many cocoanuts and several bunches of bananas. At night they would stretch themselves out on the boxes and bags of freight, or cuddle up in a corner, or the more fortunate ones would open up the folding cots they had brought with them and set them up in the crowded passage-way. Undoubtedly several of these passengers had once been afflicted with leprosy, for they still bore the characteristic scars and the mutilated hands and crooked fingers. Family groups were very much in evidence; there would be the wrinkled-up old grandmother, squatting as is the custom among Orientals, and chewing betel nuts, while between her thin lips would project the long black cigarette of native tobacco; there is the father stroking down the



A—Leper Boys at the Picnic. *B*—Mr. Eugene A. Gisel, S.J. *C*—Section of leper colony: in the foreground, the double pontoon is the funeral boat which carries the coffins over to the cemetery. *D*—A healthy child of leper parents; singing, not bawling. *E*—The return from the picnic.

feathers of his favorite gamecock or fondling it in his hands as he dreams of the cockfight of the coming Sunday and of victories of the past; children are playing around as best they can among the narrow spaces and singing their native songs, while babies in arms accompany them with their lusty yells. These were not the only passengers on the boat, for at the forward end were three men in striped uniform, chained together and to a heavy ball of iron, who were on their way to the Iwahig Penal Colony situated on the Island of Palawan just beyond Culion.

Our boat was scheduled to sail at 8 A. M., but it was eleven o'clock before the lines were thrown off and we started to turn slowly and head down the Pasig river to the Bay. A strong wind rose to meet us and after a rough passage we came opposite Corregidor Island at the mouth of Manila Bay. This is the watchdog of Manila, a high, cocky island with precipitous cliffs on the side that faces the China Sea, heavily fortified with guns and containing a large barracks and huge supplies of ammunition. Because of the rough water it took our little boat six hours to cover the distance usually requiring only three; at Corregidor we met with white-capped waves and such a strong wind from the open Sea that we could not make any headway, so the Captain decided to spend the night in Mariveles harbor, which is opposite Corregidor. Here is the United States quarantine station where vessels having on board passengers with contagious diseases must stop to discharge them and be inspected and fumigated before they are allowed to proceed to Manila. It is a beautiful little harbor with a small fishing village at the foot of lofty Mount Mariveles, wrapped in clouds and legend, and behind which the sun sets for the Manilans. A standard gauge railroad runs back a few miles into the country, built and owned by an American lumber company and used to bring out the valuable timber from the interior. Only twenty miles farther inland one meets on the mountain slopes the Negritos, uncivilized aborigines, who still engage in the practice of head hunting and are difficult to touch either with the arm of the law or the kind hand of the Church.

At intervals during the day that followed we could see from our peaceful haven the waters of the bay churned up by the gale that blew; at intervals, I say, for during the rest of the time the rain fell in such torrents that we could not see for more than one hundred yards in any direction. This intermittent cloud burst is a sure sign of a typhoon in the offing; these storms resembling the hurricanes of the States and the West Indies, are very destructive in lives and property to the vessels or the towns that may be in their wake, but owing to the splendidly organized typhoon signal system of the Philippine Weather Bureau their danger at sea has been mitigated to a great extent. Much credit is due to Father Jose Algue, the director of the government weather bureau, for inventing his barocyclometer, for by means of this instrument a ship captain can determine the probable direction of the typhoon and steer his ship out of its path.

A second night we spent at Mariveles, then early the next morning we weighed anchor and after plowing across the mouth of Manila Bay we headed out into the China Sea and were soon safe to the leeward of Mindoro Island, steering south for Culion. The day was glorious in its brightness and warmth, the sun shone brightly overhead in a cloudless sky, while in the deep blue waters around us we would see occasionally a school of dolphins, dipping their smooth sleek bodies in and out of the water in

monotonous frequency; flying fish—small blue shiny bodies would skip out of a wave, skim through the air for thirty or forty feet, then dip again into their watery abode. All too soon did the sun sink in all its glory behind the rough-hewn hills of Mindoro Island and leave its realm to its sister of the heavens, the pale moon. Our folding cots were prepared for our last night on board, for the following day would see us in Culion.

The next morning, after crossing a narrow passage of the China Sea, we entered into the group of the Calamianes Islands of which Culion is one. These islands rise precipitously from the sea, many of them bare rocks of white coral formation, others of various fantastic shapes whose slopes and hills are covered with grass and corn and sugar cane. After many turns and twists through narrow passages we finally headed down a straight channel toward Culion Island just visible in the distance. The latter is of irregular shape, some twelve miles across and twenty miles long, with the village of Culion on the western side. The whole island is given over to the lepers, though most of them reside in the village where they can be near their friends and close at hand to the hospitals.

As we approached the island the village appeared to be like any other ordinary Filipino village; the houses made from bamboo and thatched with grass run from the water's edge half way up the slope and are quite closely clustered together, being relieved here and there by a hospital or dispensary with its concrete walls and roof of tile. On a promontory commanding a view of the town and of the sea is the large stone Catholic church built on the ruins of a fort once maintained as a stronghold against the warlike Moros who, during the Spanish times, would come up from the Sulu Islands and Mindanao on their predatory expeditions against the Christians of the north. At the time of the founding of the colony, when the false idea prevailed that vegetation aided the spread of the disease, most of the trees and shrubs in the vicinity were destroyed; as a result the only protection from the sun's heat are a few cocoanut trees scattered through the village and some small shade trees recently planted. To one side of the colony and adjoining it is a group of substantial buildings which are the dwelling houses of the doctors, nurses, and non-leprous workmen of the colony.

As we came into the harbor we could see the dock crowded with people waiting the arrival of the monthly mail and their friends who might be on board. Some lepers put off from shore on their small bamboo rafts and soon surrounded the boat but kept at some distance from us. Friends on the dock saluted their friends on board, while over in the leper colony the shore was crowded with children waving their hands and caps at their relatives on the boat. Finally we docked and came down the gang-plank to receive the hearty welcome of Fathers Millan and Mico, Spanish fellow Jesuits, with whom we were to stay during our visit to Culion. Five minutes walk along the shore brought us to their home.

Perhaps a short history of the leper colony would be most fitting at this point. When our army arrived in the Philippines in 1898 it found lepers scattered all over the islands in a more or less abandoned state, and cared for in a few places only by the ever-faithful priests and nuns. After we came into possession of the islands it was early decided to segregate the unfortunates in one place with the purpose of preventing the spread of the disease, of giving the lepers better treatment and to effect a cure if possible; as a site for the future colony Culion Island was selected, one of

the most beautiful of the seven thousand odd islands and having the fewest inhabitants. These few people were removed to another nearby island and preparations made for the reception of the lepers about 1906. Workmen and materials had to be transported many miles by water, and then the lepers had to be separated from their families, gathered together and brought to Culion. This latter was a difficult matter, for the family ties of the Filipino are very strong; it was not easy to induce the leper to leave home and fireside and friends, and travel to a far off island with little hope of returning. Educational methods were taken up; it was explained that segregation meant better living conditions and a greater opportunity for cure, and finally these arguments proved convincing, though it must be admitted that in some cases stronger measures had to be resorted to. The number of lepers has constantly increased, the present number being about 6,000, making Culion the largest leper colony in the world. Once a year the government boat makes a tour of the Islands to bring to Culion the lepers detected during the course of the year.

Late in the afternoon of the day we arrived, June 8th, after the sun's heat had somewhat abated, we started out with Fathers Millan and Mico to visit the leper colony. Father Millan is an old veteran in the service of the Lord, having volunteered and come to Culion over ten years ago; Father Mico is younger, jolly and full of energy. We walked along the shore of the bay past the dock, the restaurant and the clubhouse for the bachelor doctors, and after fifteen minutes arrived at the gate leading into the colony proper. Over this was a sign "Culion Leper Colony"; as one stands below this gate for the first time and reads the words, how can his thoughts but turn to that other inscription over the gate which Dante describes "Abandon hope all ye who enter here?" But one finds out later with pleasure that the two inscriptions are not at all similar in their meaning. At the gate was a basin of formaldehyde for disinfecting purposes, while a leper policeman stood guard to prevent the passage of any leper into the non-leper settlement. A number of policemen are on duty in the village, all of them recruited from among the lepers themselves, and in fact the whole system of governing the colony is in the hands of the lepers, except of course, the director general.

We passed beneath the gate and continued on our way. On this street were many small stores conducted by the lepers in which they sold cloth and clothing, canned food, fruit, tobacco and candy, and in this way earned some extra money with which they could provide themselves with conveniences and special food not supplied by the government. A modern electric light and refrigerating plant is also on this street near the water front and workmen in these places are lepers. Altogether about fifteen or twenty thousand dollars are earned yearly by the lepers thus engaged in light work, and much of this is sent out of the colony to their relatives "back home" in the provinces. Although the government supplies lodging, food, light and water free to all lepers, as well as to the doctors, nurses and chaplains, yet those who have the disease in only a slight form are encouraged to engage in some gainful occupation so that when they become eventually cured and discharged from the colony they may have a means of livelihood.

On all sides we were greeted cordially by the lepers we met on the way, for visitors to Culion are rare, and American Jesuits are rarer still.

Those whom we met—men, women and children—did not look much different from the ordinary Filipino; the disfigurement usually connected with the disease had not yet made its appearance, and except for some blotches and thickened patches on the skin of the face and a distorted nose or ear one would think that these people were in perfect health; but the cases we were to see later left no doubt in our minds as to the horrible effects of the disease.

The lepers, except those in the hospitals, carried on the regular life of a Filipino village; we passed groups of people talking together, the ever-present game cock being massaged in the hands of its fond owner, women making purchases at the stores, lavanderas working over the wash at the public fountains. We stopped to have a youngster of three years, the healthy child of one of the lepers, make "patty-cake", sing a song and go through the motions of a pretty little Filipino dance. Finally we came to our destination, the largest of the four dormitories conducted by the Jesuit fathers, and as we mounted the stairs that lead up to the first floor we found almost all the boys and girls of the colony with some older people assembled within to give us an entertainment of welcome to Culion. It was a great surprise to us to see the four hundred or more boys and girls dressed in their best and seated on the split bamboo floor smiling their prettiest, and some of them were very pretty! A lively tune was struck up by the leper band and the excellence of their music did great credit to the fathers who furnished them with instruments and trained them to play at feast days, baptisms and weddings. A fine address of welcome was given in English by one of the young men and this was succeeded by several songs sung in Spanish by the entire assembly. Some of the songs were very touching, referring to the sad lot of the exiled leper, and set to the sweet music for which Spain is noted. One song ran something like this:

THE CRIES OF A LEPER

A leper am I; torn away
From the home of my love.
I live in Culion banished,
In the Isle of Sorrow!
High mountains tower over me,
A boundless sea imprisons me.
There is no hope: to die or to live
Always, always here I must abide!

Woe is me! . . . .
Always here hopeless of cure
And dwelling
Without parents, country or home,
Far, very far
From brothers and children beloved,
Forever lost
The light of my grieved soul.

My friends and kindred
Have forsaken me;
My parents, too, my brothers and sons
Have abandoned me!

Not even a gift, not an alms,
Not a letter or remembrance
From them I receive!
Only oblivion eternal.
Etc.

Such was the plaintive burden of most of the songs, though in all of them, as in the final verse of this song, there was a strong note of Christian fortitude and resignation. One could not listen to these words without having his heart deeply touched with pity for these poor, unfortunate people, truly exiled from home and hearth, who have such a hopeless outlook on life, for despite all the advances in the cure of leprosy only 450 have been saved out of the 10,000 or more lepers who have been, or are, at Culion. At the end of the entertainment we distributed the packages of cigarettes, candy and other gifts we had brought with us, and finally made our departure with such an impression as will last our whole life long.

On the following day in the morning we again journeyed to the leper colony and as we passed along towards the clinics we saw that many lepers were going in the same direction. The clinics are open in the morning, and at about eight o'clock the lepers start from their homes for the clinics, lingering on the way to chat with a friend or make a short visit. We entered one of the clinics and found a large crowd already assembled and waiting patiently for their turn. Several doctors were administering the medicine assisted by aides recruited from among the lepers. The medicine, which consists essentially of the ethyl ester of chaulmoogra oil, together with some iodine and creosote, is injected intramuscularly into the arm or leg of the patient with the hypodermic needle, from three to eight cubic centimeters constituting the average weekly dose.

For a long time after the founding of the leper colony at Culion the results of treatment were very discouraging; every known medicine was tried without success, in fact during all the centuries of the history of leprosy it had been deemed incurable. It was known, however, that some lepers were cured occasionally in India after chewing the seeds of the chaulmoogra tree, and this knowledge served as a starting point for long and tedious research in the chemical laboratory, which finally led to the remedies used at present. But despite the discovery of this specific it was not until a few years ago that an intensive campaign was begun against leprosy, when the present Governor-General, Leonard Wood, came into office. In 1922 he called for volunteer doctors and nurses to go to Culion and make an extreme effort to stamp out the dread disease, and as a result the present staff of fine doctors and nurses generously responded to the call.

The first medicine evolved from chaulmoogra oil is known as Dr. Mercado's mixture, and it has proven effective in many cases; however, its administration was usually followed by nauseating effects, so that to most of the lepers the cure seemed worse than the disease and few presented themselves for the treatment. But when the improved medicine came into general use and the lepers saw its good effects on their friends and relatives, they came in large numbers to receive like treatment. In 1922 when the staff of doctors and nurses became large enough to treat the thousands of lepers at Culion, the Governor-General ordered that all should be given the regular injections, and to enforce this a slight moral force is applied,

namely, no leper is given a free meal ticket for government rations unless he can present the doctor's signature showing that he has received his medical attention. This enforced regular treatment has resulted in many cures, it enables the doctors to try out several slightly different remedies in use, and find out which is most effective under given conditions, it provides the doctors with much valuable data from which they can make a systematic study of the disease and increase their knowledge of it.

A very close record is kept of the cases treated, the age and sex of the patient, his or her general condition of health and the length of time required before a cure is effected. Not all the lepers can be given injections; of the nearly 6000 patients at Culion only 3000 are so treated, the other cases being complicated either by tuberculosis or nephritis, or the patients are too old, or their condition is too serious, and they are confined to the hospitals. During the past three or four years 450 patients have been declared negative, 75% of the total number have shown improvement and 200 have been returned to their homes. Of these latter it cannot be guaranteed that they have no trace of the bacillus in their systems but only that they cannot transmit the disease to others, that they will not contract the disease again if they lead a clean life and that, therefore, they are no longer a danger to the community in which they dwell. With the present remedies available leprosy can be cured within a space of from ten to twenty months, providing that the disease is not in its advanced stages nor complicated by other diseases. The success so far attained holds out the hope of civilization's conquering in the long-drawn-out battle against leprosy.

After our visit to the clinic we continued on our way to the chemical laboratory which is under the direction of Dr. Perkins. Here with his able Filipino assistants he is constantly experimenting in the effort to evolve new and more efficient remedies for the fight against leprosy. He conducted us to the small chemical factory where the oil is pressed from the chaulmoogra seeds, these latter being imported mostly from India and China, tho some varieties are grown in the Philippines themselves. After pressing, the oil is purified and changed to the ethyl ester and finally iodine alone or iodine and creosote are added to make the final product.

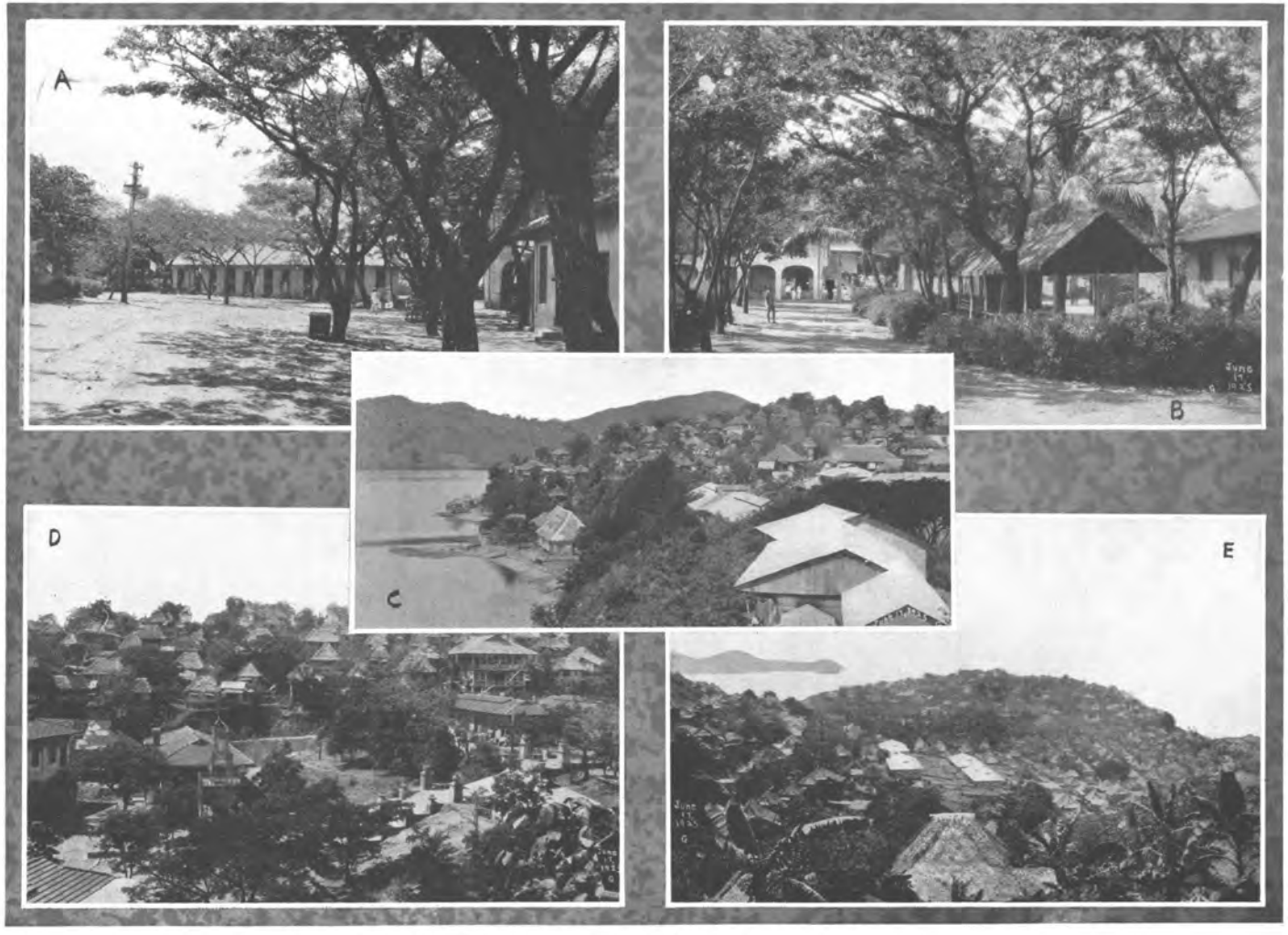
We finally arrived at the administration building and again met Dr. Jose Avellana, who was our companion on the boat down. Doctor Avellana is a practical Catholic, a daily communicant and much devoted to his work. He has since resigned his position as director of Culion, due to the ill health of his wife, and is at present director of the government tuberculosis sanatorium at Santol at the outskirts of Manila. We also met Dr. Jose Rodriguez, chief physician, also a fine Catholic and a very young man, only 29 years of age. He introduced us to the other doctors. Doctor Cruz is in charge of physical therapy. This consists in treatment with the ultraviolet rays of some less advanced cases which sometimes improve under the treatment; in this department is also an X-ray machine for making photographs of affected parts of the body.

Doctor Wade is in charge of the pathological laboratory in which are conducted the direct studies of diseased tissue and of the characteristics of the tissues as they appear at various stages of the disease. Leprosy first makes its visible appearance as lumpy reddish blotches on the face and arms, and a hardening of the lobe of the ear. The nerves, especially of the

arms and legs, become embedded in a tough sheath of red leprous tissue. Gradually the nerves cease to function, the hands and feet become atrophied, the bones decay from lack of nourishment and the toes and fingers drop off one by one, with however no concurrent pain, since the nerves are already dead. The leprosy bacillus has never been cultivated, though it is thought to be similar to the tuberculosis bacillus, since 30% of the leprosy cases are complicated by tuberculosis. Nephritis, too, is very common among lepers, in fact most lepers die of either nephritis or tuberculosis, and only a comparatively few die of leprosy. The cause of leprosy is quite unknown as yet, though it is common knowledge that the disease is almost entirely confined to the poorer and most abandoned classes. Some claim that it is gotten from eating putrid fish. At any rate it is very common in Oriental countries where there are large masses of poor people, not educated in sanitation and hygiene, and its cause is most probably to be sought in the neglect of these rules; the disease seldom makes its appearance in highly civilized countries of the temperate zone, where higher standards of living prevail. Leprosy is spread by contact though an unfortunate aspect of its transmission is the fact that it may not appear on the surface for some years after the germs have been taken into the system. Those who work among the lepers run a certain risk of contracting the disease, but such instances are rare; the germs seem to find it hard to live and multiply in the body of a healthy, well-nourished person leading a regular life. To give an example, one of the nuns working at Culion as a nurse and handling the most advanced cases of the disease has been on duty for the past 19 years at Culion and has not contracted the disease during all these years.

During the course of the morning we had learned much about leprosy and since the sun was getting high in the heavens, we started back for "Balala," as the non-leper settlement is called.

So far in our visit to Culion the cases of leprosy we had seen were in the milder form of the less advanced stages, and while they were not exactly pleasant to look upon, causing one to shudder at times, yet they were not as bad as the pictures we had seen of lepers and the frightful stories we had read of them. But in the afternoon of this day we were to see leprosy in all its horrible aspects. A visit to the hospital where the cripples are confined, or to other hospitals where the poor victims are patiently waiting for a merciful God to relieve them of their miseries—such a visit will persuade one of all the terrible things that have been written of leprosy. A man must truly have a heart of stone to pass through the corridors of the hospitals without having his heart beat in deep pity and sympathy for the sufferers, and at the same time having it raised in admiration for the nuns and other nurses and the doctors who work for these outcasts of civilization. How shall one describe the young child huddled up on his bed of pain, the cane bottom of the bed below him and only a thin sheet as a covering, with the skin drawn tightly over his bones and scarcely a pound of flesh on the whole body? Here is a sightless old man, and as we put a cigarette on the stump that was once a hand—it rolls off and he gropes for it on the floor. There sits an old man, blind, with his wife, neither of them with a single finger on their hands, yet with the stumps that are left to them they gathered some beautiful coral to be sent to the Mission Exhibit at Rome as a mark of their love and devotion to the Holy



A—Some Hospital Buildings. B—At right—Clinic and Waiting shed. In distance—Government Store
C—In right corner of picture are the dormitories of the fathers. X marks the cemetery.
D—View of Culion. E—View of Crowded Condition of Culion.

Father. These are the sights that one meets as he passes from bed to bed, some lepers without fingers, some without toes, others having no noses or blind; here is an American (there are only three or four at Culion) who has lost his lower lip. Scarcely a day passes that does not see the procession of crossbearer, acolytes and a long line of the faithful accompanying the priest as he bears the Healer of all ills to the bedside of a sick person who at last is about to depart from exile to his home in a far-off Country. Hardly ever does the sun set but what a long narrow box draped in black is carried down to the boat landing and ferried across the silent waters to the gentle slope of the hill opposite, there the body cruelly torn by disease will await the summons which will call it back to a life glorious and immortal. To describe all the things we saw this afternoon would be too harrowing a tale, but multiply the cases I have described by three hundred and fifty, the number of patients in the hospitals, and a faint idea of the total suffering held within the hospital walls will dawn upon you. Was it at all surprising, then, that that night I dreamt that I, too, was a leper, and singing together with the children, "an exile from my parents, my brothers and sisters and from my native land"?

The following days at Culion we spent visiting various parts of the colony; the clinic and hospitals of the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, of whom there are six French and five Filipinas, taking care of the worst cases and the incurables; the dormitories conducted by the Jesuit fathers house the children, the unmarried young men and women and the old people; a school is conducted for the children while the older people do light work such as embroidering or mat-making. On our last day but one of our visit to Culion Father Mico took the leper boys and young men on an excursion by boat to the other side of the island, and we accompanied him. Such an event as a picnic occurs but once a year so an eager crowd awaited us on the dock that morning. We sat in the motor boat which was kindly loaned us by Doctor Avellana and towed the other boat crowded to the gunwales with the happy, laughing faces of the boys. After two hours' ride around the island we disembarked in a shallow river onto bamboo rafts and were poled to the land; then the fun began, the boys scattering in groups in various directions, and coming back only when the bell for dinner was sounded. The bags of canned goods and fruit were dumped out and heaped up in four piles, and each of these assigned to a group of boys with a senior; some boys made their dinner of a can of peaches, another chose a tin of sardines, each according to his tastes. But everyone was satisfied and the dinner wound up with a glorious punch made from sugared water, cocoanut milk, soft drinks and lemonade, and there were no casualties on the way home!

The next morning after Mass we saw the "Basilan" nosing into the harbor on its return trip to Manila. So we made ready our baggage, said some last farewells and set off at 3 o'clock from Culion. And what a pleasant trip it was in contrast to our stormy passage down, every day cloudless and the water as smooth as an inland sea. The voyage was broken up, too, by several visits to lighthouses on the way, and these gave us an opportunity to stretch a leg and see Filipino life as it is on a lonely island. We finally arrived at Manila after an absence of thirteen days, eight of which were spent at Culion. During those days we had seen a good deal of the life of a leper at this, the largest leper colny in the world; we had

noted the great work of Christian charity, namely, of making the lot of the leper as light as possible; we had been shown the study that is being made of the disease and the intense effort to obtain better and quicker cures. While many conveniences exist in the colony, there are many more improvements to be desired. The location of the colony is somewhat unfortunate, it lies on the slope of a steep hill and in the course of expansion the houses have become crowded together and the streets ill arranged. Then, too, the high hill behind the village cuts off the breeze from the southeast and makes the heat of the midday well nigh unbearable; a better sewage system is of urgent necessity and roads should be built leading to other parts of the island where farms could be opened up. The Philippine government is too poor to make these improvements (one-third of the entire appropriation is at present given to Culion) so that the Governor-General is conducting a campaign in the States for one million dollars for Culion. May he prove successful in his efforts to keep up this work and eventually stamp out leprosy in the Philippine Islands!

EUGENE A. GISEL, S. J.
Sophomore, '14.

The Northern Star

When man was lost on a lonely trail
In days gone by,
He was guided right by the Northern Star,
That hangs in yonder sky.

O Star of the North! Whose radiance bright
Sparkles and gleams in the pale moonlight;
O Star of the North! Mortal man has yet
To probe thy mysteries by toil and sweat;
O Star of the North! Whose shining face
Saw first the dawn of the human race;
O Star of the North! How lovely and grand
Is thy beam over a lonely land;
O Star of the North! Whose silvery sheen
Mystifies men with intelligence keen;
O Star of the North! From a dew-cloud poured,
Mightily carved by the hand of the Lord;
O Star of the North! I need must ponder
O'er thy great beauty wher'er I wander.

I am lost in God's own wilderness,
I breathe a sigh;
And seek my course by the Northern Star
That hangs in yonder sky.

ROBERT CHARLES SCALES.

Marion: Do you love me, dear?
Yonno: Dearly, sweetheart.
Marion: Would you die for me?
Yonno: Why, no, my pet; mine is an undying love.

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The Business Board of this publication wishes to express to the business concerns of Rochester its appreciation of the support given by them to this publication.

The Arete

What Am I?

MY DROWSY eyes open to the lighted world. My mind slowly begins to function. God, loving and good, holds my thoughts. Down on my knees, I go, I lift my heart to heaven, I offer my day's actions to Jesus. I walk down the crowded street, smiling merrily, as I greet my friends. Throughout the day petty insults are thrown at me, but I brush them all aside. Vexations come to me, but with a word to God I smile them away. The darkness of night advances, grim and forbidding, but my heart is light and happy as I sink into peaceful sleep. I have lived happily that day for I have lived for God.

Once again my sleepy lids part and my slumbering senses awake. The cold breeze, blowing through the open window, irritates me. I crawl out on the floor. Then I crouch for prayer, but neither my mind nor my heart rises to heaven. I plod along the highway, grunting hello, nodding my head in sullen recognition to passing friends. Trivial troubles arise to annoy my mind, making me distant and grouchy. Sharp, insulting words slip from my lips. The glum night descends. Into bed I climb with a grumble. My growling spirit is heavy with despair for I have lived an unhappy day without thought of God.

Through life I travel thus. When the thickening dusk of night descends and I sit alone, I often wonder which of these I really am. The other evening, when the air was cool and crisp, I think I found the answer. God, a few years ago, breathed into my tiny frame a soul, a soul like to Him, the very image of Him. This holy, Divine image that animates my human frame is to be delivered to Him, spotless, and sanctified by suffering, when my human heart is stilled. Every day I must offer my soul to God. Long, hard labor I must perform for the honor of the God who gave me my soul. All temptations, every vexation, I must hurl back. Life's great trials I must bear. Then, when this earthly body no longer moves, I will give my soul back to God just as He gave it to me. So, I have decided that each morning, as the sun rises, I will offer my soul and its work to the glory of its Maker. Then I shall be the better man.

GREGORY V. DRUMM.

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Friendship

The desire for friendship is an instinctive desire of man. The majority of us cannot live isolated, apart from the society of our fellows. We long for personalities which please us that we may companionize them to our mutual benefit. The smallest child is not adverse to friendships. But it is timid; it must have some manifestation of kindness to banish its fear. Tender it a hand, give it a toy, speak to it in a few gentle words and it is yours. The embittered desire friendship but they hold the world in distrust. As long as the world shows that indifferent air it but embitters them the more. Render them an act of kindness and you have increased the friends of humanity. We all covet friendships and friendships are made and bound by kindness. Therefore there is not a heart which should lack that virtue.

HOWARD P. SLAVIN.

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Overheard in a Telephone Booth

"Park, two in vun coupe, pleese," said a voice in the adjoining telephone booth. I was patiently awaiting a long-distance call and so I listened to the following conversation, not entirely unwillingly:

"Hello!, is dis der railroadt?"

"Yes," answered a quiet, far-away voice.

"Vell, I vant to go to New York py der sefen o'clock train and I tought I petter get mine ticket reserved."

"Do you want a sleeper?" queried the same far-away voice.

"A sleeper? Och! Dots vat you sleep mit aind't it? Sure I vant a sleeper."

"Upper or lower berth?"

"Vats der difference?"

"Well you see, the upper is lower because it is higher and the lower is higher because it is lower.

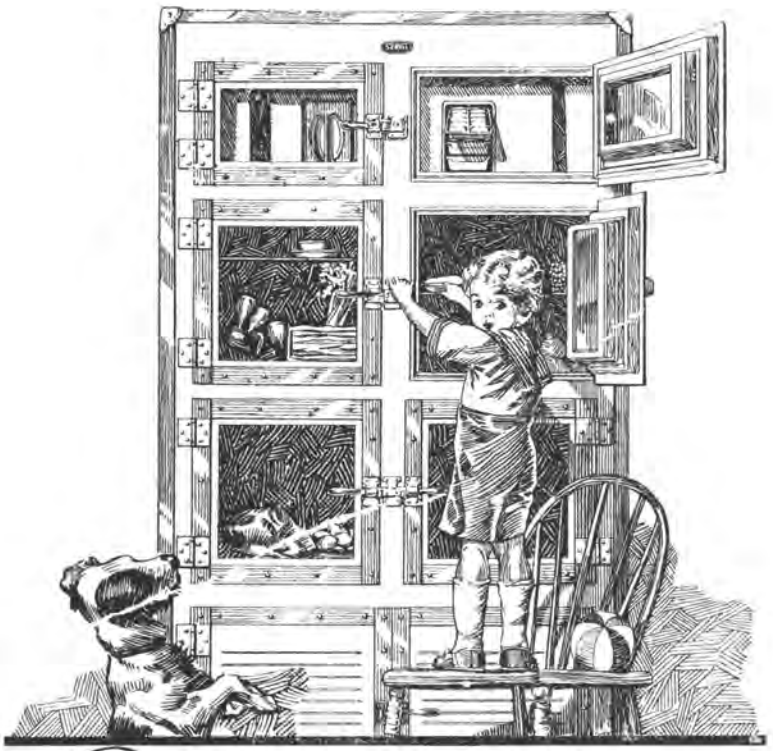
"Dond't you play funnings mit me, young fellow. I dond't like foolishes.

"Evidently you don't understand," went on the quiet voice. "We have two prices. If you pay the higher we give you the lower and if you pay the lower you get the higher; or, if you want the higher it is lower and if you want the lower———"

"Pah!" interrupted the foreign voice; "der dum foolishes of some beople. I tink I go to New York py der automobubble."

The booth resounded with a decisive click and an irate and perspiring German squeezed out the doorway.

JOHN BROGAN.



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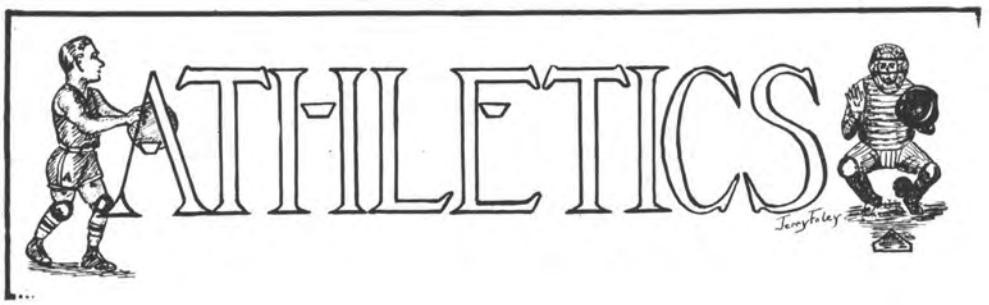

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Seated—Leo Waldert, Manager; John McNally, Thomas Marks, Joseph Kennedy, Captain; John Flynn, William McCarthy, Coach; William Cucci, Mascot.

Aquinas Wins First New York State Catholic Championship Tournament

By Charles Callahan

Each season for the past four years the basketball resume has disclosed that the team record of Aquinas Institute was the "best in the history of the school." This year isn't an exception since our boys gained greater honors than ever before and are justly deserving of the title of the "BEST QUINT AQUINAS HAS EVER HAD IN THE ANNALS OF ROCHESTER CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL."

To be the runner-up in the National Catholic Interscholastic Basketball Tournament, conducted by Loyola University in Chicago; then to return to its home state and win the first tournament ever staged by the New York State Catholic High School Athletic Association, seems to the writer to be glory enough for one year—considerably more than was won by the team of 1923-24 that established a world's record for tournament play, or the team of 1924-25 that finished third in the National Catholic classic.

Add to the results obtained by the team itself, the fact that Captain Joseph Kennedy was selected as "All American" forward after the close of the Loyola championships, and that Aquinas won the silver trophy for being the best coached five in the Chicago games, and anyone will agree that it was a marvelous year that our boys enjoyed on the court.

Aquinas closed its season at Syracuse on April 9, with a victory over Most Holy Rosary High School, of that city, 17 to 16. That victory, won in the closing seconds of a hard-fought game by a basket made by the clever Kennedy, gave to Aquinas the title of New York State Catholic High School Champions. It was a fitting close to a season in which thirty games were played, twenty-six being victories, and it dropped the curtain of asbestos upon the blazing performances as a school-boy player of Captain Joe, who established a Rochester record for points scored by a player in the course of one season.

Joe scored 128 field goals and 43 fouls, a huge total of 299 points. What is more, Joe wasn't held scoreless all year—a feat in itself. No wonder he was chosen in Chicago as an "All American" forward, and in our own New York as "All State" wingman!

The twenty-six victories were gained over some of the best teams from the Mississippi to the Hudson Rivers, the high-lights being C. B. A. of Syracuse, with whom we broke even for the third successive year; Canisius Prep School, of Buffalo; over La Salle, of Troy; De La Salle, of Minneapolis; the clever Catholic Latin High team, of Cleveland; the formidable Spalding Institute quint, of Peoria, Ill., National Catholic Champions in 1924, and the giant Cathedral High team, of Wichita, Kansas.

The four victories won in the National Tournament placed Aquinas in the finals for the titular honors of the country with St. Xavier University High, of Louisville, Ky. It was a real battle too, Chicago papers characterizing it as the hardest fought national championship game ever staged in the metropolis of the West, home of both Catholic and Public School Tournaments. With forty seconds left to play the teams were deadlocked. Fate decreed that Aquinas shouldn't win for a heart-breaking

AQUINAS TAKES WELLSVILLE BY SPEEDY ATTACK

AQUINAS WINS EASILY OVER ST. ALOYSIUS

ST. MARY'S NO OPPOSITION TO AQUINAS FIVE

AQUINAS WINS OPENING TILT OVER WATERLOO

AQUINAS BEATS MASTEN PARK

Aquinas Puts Lockport To Rout, 48-17

GREAT AQUINAS QUINTET SHOWS

Flynn's Basket in Final Minute Wins Game.

Kennedy Features With 7 Goals and 2 Fouls.

Aquinas Beats St. Joe's—

AQUINAS EASILY DEFEATS BONAVENTURE PREP, 32-8

Fighting Irish Overcome Lead of Western Opponent in Third Round Encounter

AQUINAS DEFEATS FAIRPORT, 24-18

Aquinas' Home String of 46 Wins Snapped. 14-13

Aquinas Swamps

—Tel. Stone 130— —ROCH— —SATURDAY EVENING, JA[illegible]— —PAGE TWENTY-ONE—

First Home Defeat For Aquinas In Three Years' Play

C. B. A CONQUERS TOUGH AQUINAS QUINTET, 17-13

AQUINAS TROUNCES PAINTED POST FIVE

AQUINAS WINS OVER LA SALLE FIVE, 37 TO 17

AQUINAS DEFEATS WATERLOO, 31-29

Aquinas Defeats Canisius In Return Game, 19 to 16

AQUINAS [illegible] DEFEAT[illegible]

KENNEDY, FORWARD, STAR OF VISITING FIVE

ERIE EAST SURPRISES FIGHTING IRISH

ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT AND CHRONICLE AND ROCHESTER HERALD, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1926.

KENNEDY'S FOUL SHOT WINS FOR AQUINAS OVER C. B. A. FIVE

Aquinas Beats Oswego

McCarthy's Quintet Takes 33-to-8 Victory.

AQUINAS SCORES WIN OVER ALUMNI

MAROON VICTOR IN 26 TILTS AS KENNEDY NETS 299 POINTS

Three Aquinas Players Named on Journal-American All-Scholastic Five

Aquinas Quint Deserves Highest Place in Rating

Irish Have Best Record of Games Won and Lost, By Far Best Scoring Record and Best Record Of Tallies Scored Against Them; East Rates Second by Victory over West; Records Close

TIMES-UNION, SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 10, 1926— —PAGE THIRTY-ONE—

Aquinas Quint Wins N. Y. State Title

AQUINAS DROPS CLOSE GAME

AQUINAS DOWNS ROSARY, 17-16;

[illegible] HERALD, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1926.

COLGATE AND AQUINAS VICTORS IN ARMORY DOUBLE-HEADER

seventy-four

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shot was missed by John McNally at this stage of the game and when Xavier recovered the ball they sifted in a mid-floor toss to capture the honors by 18 to 16.

Only Two Veterans Remained

From the championship team of 1924 only two veterans and one substitute remained around whom to build an aggregation last November. Captain Kennedy and Leo Sullivan were the veterans, and Tommy Marks, the utility player. To these players were added John "Skee" Flynn and John "Yanno" McNally, of the Aquinas Reserves; George "Jigger" Schaad, John "Ripper" Riley, and Frank Walsh. This alignment of performers developed rapidly. Later in the season Tom Slowe, Franklyn Spiegel, and John McMillan, of the Reserves, were added to the squad and remained thereon until the end.

In mid-year Aquinas—and Rochester fandom as well—received a shock with the announcement that Leo Sullivan, the year before an "All American" guard, had left our school to transfer to St. Bonaventure Preparatory School. Critics predicted our downfall, for "Sully" was one of the cleverest players ever to wear the Maroon and White of Aquinas. There was no denying that we would miss him, and we did, but his transfer paved the way for the development of Johnnie Riley, who might have spent the season on the bench as a second-string player had Sullivan remained in school.

Riley stepped into Sullivan's position and scintillated immediately. His work featured many games, especially in Chicago, and he finished the season tied with Tommy Marks for second place among the scorers of the team. So Sullivan's transfer was a break in luck for Riley—and for Aquinas—for "Rip" will be back next year; Sullivan would have graduated in June.

Beginning the season with victories over Waterloo High, the Aquinas Alumni, Lockport High, Fairport High, St. Mary's of Lancaster, Wellsville High, Painted Post High, and La Salle of Troy, Aquinas met defeat at the hands of Canisius Prep School of Buffalo, on the Aquinas court, in January, 14 to 13. It was the first defeat of Aquinas on a Rochester floor in three seasons and snapped a winning streak at home of 46 victories. It was a spectacular game, and all credit to Canisius. They had a splendid team and they out-played us in the final minutes of the game to eke out the one point verdict.

Aquinas resumed its winning streak at the expense of Masten Park High of Buffalo, Assumption Academy of Utica, Cook Academy, St. Joe's of Buffalo, St. Aloysius Academy of Rome, and St. Bonaventure Prep School, to be halted once more by C. B. A. at Syracuse.

Break Even with C. B. A.

The Brothers had a team composed of five veterans, three of whom had played for three years. With its "green team" Aquinas wasn't granted the slightest chance to remain in the running with the Syracuse wonder boys. Syracuse won, 17 to 13, after a hectic game that had nearly 3,000 fans in a state of frenzy, but after the game the Brothers had just cause for worry over the outcome of the return game in Rochester—and rightfully so.

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That game was played before more than 5,000 fans on the Armory court and Aquinas reversed the decision. Our boys won one of the most spectacular games ever played in Rochester, by a baseball score, 8 to 7, the contest bringing out the best defensive basketball school-boys could possibly uncover. The players fought like mad from beginning to end, cleanly though, and the final quarter opened with the teams tied 7-7.

Closer checking was never made by individuals in that final stanza. While the excited crowd yelled itself hoarse the teams raced up and down the court at break-neck speed. Finally, Kennedy was fouled. He took plenty of time to eye the rim and make his shot, and when the ball dropped through the din nearly raised the roof of the big drill-hall. The game ended shortly thereafter, Aquinas stalling in the remaining time, C. B. A. being unable to gain possession of the ball. Kennedy was carried off the floor by the excited crowd. The Aquinas season was a success!

And what a time the student-body had enjoying itself in the down-town district after the game! It was a wild night and the local police, showing deference to the younger Irish, allowed them to celebrate with snake dances and cheers. Traffic at times was tied up tightly. It was "Aquinas Night."

The Canisius Prep School was met at Buffalo and we also reversed that defeat. Aquinas won another hair-raiser, 19 to 16, after being ten points behind with less than five minutes to play.

Three Victories By One Point

Lack of experienced players was expected to prove disastrous to Aquinas when it entered the National Tournament in Chicago, and while the players did exhibit strands of nervousness in the opening game with De La Salle, of Minneapolis, we won easily enough, 30 to 19.

The second game was with Cleveland Latin. The Ohio boys got the jump and had us 6 to 0 at the end of the first quarter. By half-time we had scored five points. At the end of the third quarter it was 6 to 6, Cleveland failing to get a single point after the first three minutes of the game. Early in the final period Cleveland got a foul, but so did Tom Marks, to tie the score. Cleveland got another foul. With the game almost over Joe Kennedy broke away for a basket and victory, 9 to 8.

The third game with Spalding, former National Champions, was a thriller. Spalding ran the count to 9 to 3 on us in the first quarter. By another stubborn fight Aquinas tied it at the half, 12-12. At the end of the third quarter it was 15-15. The final quarter Spalding scored early for a two-point lead, but Aquinas, still fighting, tied it up and won out 18 to 17. The victory put us into the semi-finals.

On Sunday afternoon Aquinas met the team regarded as the strongest in the tournament, Cathedral High, of Wichita, Kans. It was nip and tuck all the way, Aquinas having a lead at half-time. Wichita ran wild in the third quarter to score eleven points and when the final period opened the Kansans were ahead 15 to 11. The score remained thus for four minutes when fouls by McNally and Riley and a pretty basket by Kennedy tied the score.

Aquinas got the ball and Tom Marks, in cutting for the basket, was fouled simultaneously with the bark of the gun to end the game. Marks stepped up to shoot but the booing of the partisan crowd prompted the official to wait for silence and ask that Tom be given a "fair deal." In

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Aquinas Quintet Reaches Third Round by Defeating Cleveland, 9 to 8

AQUINAS FIVE DEFEATS SPALDING, 18 TO 17

TEAM ENTERS SEMI-FINALS OF CATHOLIC TOURNEY

MARKS'S FOUL SHOT AFTER BARK OF FINAL GUN GIVES TRIUMPH IN SEMI-FINALS

Local Team Holds Wichita Scoreless in Last Quarter to Eke Out Fourth Victory.

ROCHESTER FIVE BEATS WICHITA BY FOUL, 16 TO 15

KENNEDY WINS ALL-AMERICAN FORWARD POST

McCarthy Gets Award for Best-coached Five

AQUINAS LOSES TO ST. XAVIER'S FIVE IN TOURNEY FINAL

Takes Second Place in Catholic Nationals at Loyola Gymnasium, Chicago; Smith Scores Two Goals Late in Fray.

ROCHESTER QUINT'S LEAD LOST IN FOURTH QUARTER

XAVIER WINS TOURNAMENT, 18-16

"Fighting Irish" Loses Heartbreaker In Tournament Finals

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about as tight a position as can be imagined, Marks netted the shot to send Aquinas into the finals. It was nervy work on Tommy's part.

The result of the finals for the national championship has been mentioned heretofore. Xavier played an up-hill game, for Aquinas led throughout three quarters. The Louisville lads fought hard and finally won. They had a crack organization of players, and a fine lot of gentlemenly athletes.

Aquinas Wins State Title

The first tourney to be staged by the Catholic Schools in New York brought together Aquinas and St. Bonaventure in the first round; and Most Holy Rosary of Syracuse and St. John's High, of Rensselaer. Aquinas won from Bona, 24 to 18, while Rosary had an easy time disposing of St. John's, 25 to 7.

The championship game between Aquinas and Rosary, according to Syracuse papers, was the greatest game played in Syracuse all season. The battle see-sawed back and forth, neither team having a comfortable lead at any time. During the last half, the score changed every minute, but at the end of the third quarter Aquinas led, 9 to 7.

In the last period Aquinas weakened. The strain of a 30 game schedule was telling. Rosary got a basket to tie the score; then another to go ahead. Aquinas tied it. Rosary got another field goal and a foul. Aquinas closed the breech by a basket. The Syracuse team scored again, giving it a lead of 16 to 13 with only one minute left to play.

Putting forth everything they possessed the Aquinas players worked the ball under and Flynn made a basket. On the center ball Rosary got the leather and began to stall. Two players began passing the ball back and forth under the basket. Kennedy got between them. When the ball was passed again Joe, leaping high into the air, snared the pass, struck the ground and shot. The ball whistled through without touching the rim and the New York State Title belonged to Aquinas. The Nicholas Peters Silver Trophy was presented to Captain Kennedy after the contest.

A successful season depends in a great measure upon co-operation of many forces. The harmony existing between everyone connected with the basketball club at Aquinas was of great help. On the team itself there were always harmony and friendship. Between the team and Coach McCarthy the best of feeling always prevailed. The management in all its different branches worked together. The public loyally supported Aquinas. Many thanks are due the various newspapers for their help. The student body led by the cheerleaders gave moral and vocal support to the players.

Congratulations are due to the greatest school-boy team ever produced in Rochester, Aquinas, the equal of any scholastic team in the country.

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Team record:

Aquinas 42— 6	Waterloo High.	Aquinas 19—16	Canisius Prep, Buffalo.
Aquinas 33— 8	Aquinas Alumni.	Aquinas 13—17	C. B. A., Syracuse.
Aquinas 48—17	Lockport High.	Aquinas 31—29	Waterloo High.
Aquinas 51— 5	St. Mary's, Lancaster.	Aquinas 18—11	Oswego High.
Aquinas 24—18	Fairport High.	Aquinas 8— 7	C. B. A. Syracuse.
Aquinas 56—11	Wellsville High.	Aquinas 26—12	St. Aloysius, Rome.
Aquinas 44—12	Painted Post High.	Aquinas 30—19	De La Salle, Minn.
Aquinas 37—17	La Salle Inst., Troy.	Aquinas 9— 8	Latin High. Clevel'd, O.
Aquinas 13—14	Canisius Prep, Buffalo.	Aquinas 18—17	Spald'g Inst., Peoria, Ill.
Aquinas 20—14	Masten Park, Buffalo.	Aquinas 16—15	Cath. H., Wichita, Kans.
Aquinas 33— 7	Assum'n A'd'y, Ut ca.	Aquinas 16—18	St. Xavier, L'ville, Ky.
Aquinas 39— 5	Cook Academy.	Aquinas 20—11	Geneva High School.
Aquinas 37— 4	St. Joseph's, Buffalo.	Aquinas 13—27	East High, Erie, Pa.
Aquinas 33— 8	St. Bonaventure Prep.	Aquinas 24—18	St. Bonaventure Prep.
Aquinas 37— 8	St. Aloysius, Rome.	Aquinas 17—16	Most Holy Rosary, Syr.

Individual scoring record:	Games	Baskets	Fouls	Totals
Joseph Kennedy, f.	30	128	43	299
Thomas Marks, g.	25	45	24	114
John Riley, g-f.	28	45	24	114
John Flynn, f.	28	50	7	107
John McNally, f-g.	29	40	16	96
George Schaad, c.	30	22	5	49
Leo Sullivan, g.	7	19	2	40
Frank Walsh, c.	13	8	1	17
Frank Spiegel, f.	7	7	0	14
John McMillan, g.	8	4	1	9
Thomas Slowe, f.	12	2	1	5
Totals		370	124	864

The Aquinas--C. B. A. Game

The armory was filled, the big crowd was thrilled;
When above all the din a sharp whistle shrilled.
Thus we began the annual fray,
A game not to be equalled in many a day.

C. B. A. scored a point right at the start;
Joe scored three and Aquinas gained heart.
The game was fast, soon the quarter was o'er.
Three to two for Aquinas! Thus read the score.

When the first half ended C. B. A. held the lead;
Both teams had showed skill in passing and speed.
After five minutes the play was resumed,
While most people thought Aquinas was doomed.

C. B. A. had five veterans, Aquinas had one;
But in fighting, Aquinas had only begun.
Our boys in the bleachers, with shouting and cheers,
Supported our heroes; dispelled all their fears.

The game sped on merrily, neither team in the lead;
The end was approaching with feverish speed.
At last there remained but one minute to go—
Our brave laddies won on a foul shot by Joe!

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Reserves Play Short Schedule

The Aquinas Reserves played a shorter schedule than is customary for the Scrubs but this was due to the fact that the first team made inroads upon the squad by taking Captain Spiegel, McMillan and Slowe, and the playing season was cut short. After the Reserves were disbanded, a combination of Minims and Reserves played two games under the name of the Resmins. The latter won two games, 12 to 11 from Marion High, and 22 to 19 from the Liberty A. C., the only team to defeat the Reserves.

Spiegel, with 93 points, led the team in scoring, and McMillan was runner-up, with 44 points. Robert Callaghan ranked third with 32 tallies.

The team record, showing the Reserves winner in nine of ten games, is as follows:

Reserves 14—10 Sacred Heart Campions.
Reserves 22— 4 Emeralds.
Reserves 24— 8 Crescents.
Reserves 31—10 Fairport High Res.
Reserves 14— 9 Cliftons.
Reserves 27—15 Emeralds.
Reserves 36— 5 Fairport High Res.
Reserves 9—13 Liberty A. C.
Reserves 33—19 Cardinal A. C.
Reserves 23—16 Collegiates.
Resmins 12—11 Marion High.
Resmins 22—19 Liberty A. C.

Individual scoring record of the Reserves:

	Games	Baskets	Fouls	Totals
Franklyn Spiegel, f.	10	39	15	93
John McMillan, g.	10	21	2	44
Robert Callaghan, f.	10	16	0	32
Thomas Slowe, c.	7	10	2	22
Thomas Hickey, c.	9	9	3	21
Daniel Herberts, g.	10	8	1	17
Dorando Petrossi, g.	2	4	0	8
John Dorsey, g.	3	3	1	7
Frank Fitzpatrick, g.	7	2	1	5
Russell Brown, g.	6	2	0	4
Leo Culhane, f.	3	2	0	4
Totals		116	25	257

Aquinas Minims

Our Minims, composed of 14 and 15-year-old boys, of the freshmen and sophomore classes, won 14 out of 17 games during the season from some high-class amateur quints, and a few of the youngsters are considered fine material for the Aquinas Reserves, aye, even the first team, next winter.

The high points of the season were the games with the Massassoits, of Sacred Heart Church, and the Emanons, of the same parish. The teams played two games, dividing the spoils after hard-fought encounters. The Lima Visitation quint, with a Geneseo Wesleyan Seminary player in its lineup, had considerable difficulty in beating the Minims, 17 to 16.

Captain Jim Welch, forward, was high scorer of the team with thirty-nine baskets and nine fouls, a total of eighty-seven points. Tom Burns, Gordon Farrell, and "Bee" Hanna, the Zero man, ranked after Welch in the order named. The team scored a total of 333 points against 140 made by their opponents.

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Eugene Beattie, c.	12	1	25
Clarence Bircher, g.	7	3	17
Joseph Slattery, g.	4	3	11
William Cullinan, f.	4	2	10
William Jones, g.	4	0	8

THE MINIMS

Left to right—Back row—Eugene Beattie, John Hickey.
Middle—James Welch, Capt.; William Jones, Thomas Burns, William Cullinan, Gordon Farrell.
Front—Bernard Hanna, Clarence Bircher, Manager.

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Next Year

We've had at Aquinas a basketball team
Whose spirit and skill all hold in esteem.
In the season now ended 'twas captained by "Joe"
With a record in baskets of a hundred or so.
Joe leaves us this year, we mourn at our lot,
But we know he'll succeed and nothing else—but—
We shall also lose "Tommy" of nation wide fame,
Without him Aquinas will not seem the same.
For Tommy's the lad who keeps us in tune;
He takes our best wishes with him in June.
Nor will "Yonno" McNally in September return
He is to graduate at the end of this term.

Now for some good news to offset the sad—
Next year, at center, will be Jigger Schaad.
And also, my friends, let me give you a tip:
Among next year's high scorers will be our friend, Rip.
A fast cutting forward to be with us again,
Is a youth known as Skee. His last name is Flynn.
One more to return is quick Tommy Slowe;
The season will find Tom roarin' to go.
Tiny Walsh, too, will remain one year more;
He'll do his part to help us to score.
Spike Spiegel and Macky will also be there.
Of such a contingent let C. B. A. beware!

G. MANNING.

◈ ◈ ◈

Joe, he made a basket!
  Grabbed the ball and tore
Through the bunch of players
  Fighting for a score.

Joe, he made a basket!
  Oughta seen him run—
Such a thing as stop him
  Wasn't to be done.

Joe, he made a basket!
  Tell you what the cheer
When he passed the bleachers
  Was a thing to hear.

Joe, he made a basket!
  Bet he'll win a name
With the biggest players
  In this kind of game.

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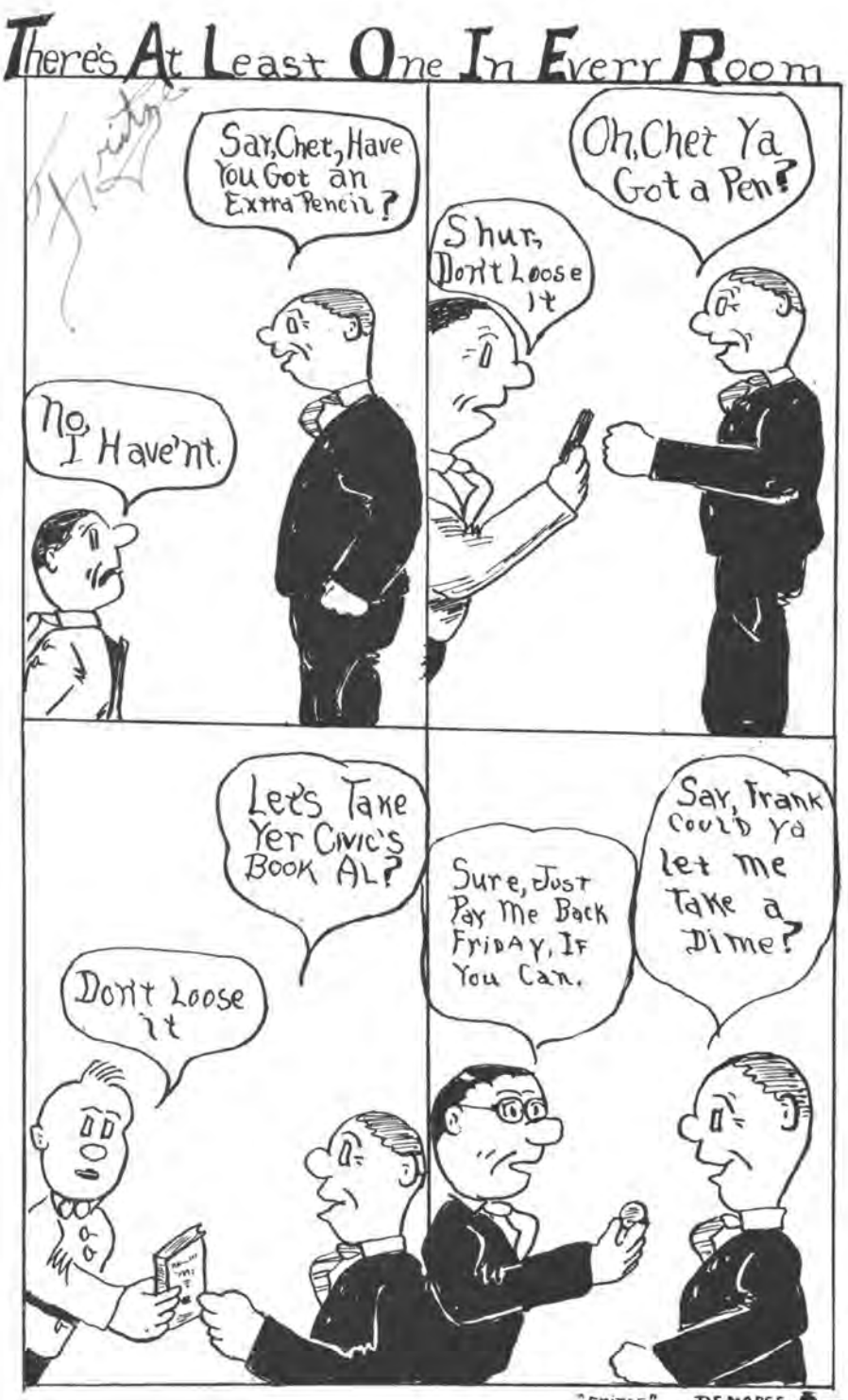
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Sar, Chet, Have You Got an Extra Pencil?
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Don't Loose It
Sure, Just Pay Me Back Friday, If You Can.
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The Pluck of a Schoolboy

JIMMY SOMERS, a young lad of sixteen, was a student of St. Charles' High School and a prominent figure in all branches of sport, especially swimming. He belonged to the swimming team at the school and was, without a doubt, the best man on the team. The coming meet with their old rivals, Westcott High, promised to bring the toughest opposition of the season and the men, in preparation for it, had been going through strenuous workouts in the tank and were in fine shape.

The night of the meet, Jimmy had never felt better and he was confident that St. Charles would add another scalp to its belt of victories. As he walked to the school, his thoughts dwelt upon the team. How he loved that team! He was so engrossed in his thoughts that he did not see three men lurking in the shadows of an alley, and was totally unprepared when they sprang upon him. He fought bravely, but the fight ended quickly when a piece of iron pipe descended on his head and he went down and out.

The last and most difficult match, the hundred yard free style swim, was about to be run off and the Westcott entrant was the best man on the opposing team, being noted for speed and endurance. Jimmy excelled in this race but he was not there and the coach was frantic. The team had battled bravely through without him, until now, and the score was tied. After a considerable delay the next best man on the St. Charles' team was picked and it was with a feeling that they were going to be beaten that they sent him in. The referee got ready, the swimmers balanced themselves on their toes, ready for the plunge and the spectators were waiting breathlessly for the starting whistle when a figure, in a swimming suit, came racing through the door straight for the referee. A quick gesture checked the starter and the men relaxed. What a mighty yell went up from the students, who threw their caps in the air and danced around! It was Jimmy! The other St. Charles' swimmer gladly relinquished his place to Jimmy, the whistle blew and the two contestants were off. Down the pool they raced, abreast of each other. They reached the other end and started back. The Westcott man was slightly in the lead now and they remained this way until the middle of the pool was reached. Then Jimmy's expert swimming knowledge asserted itself and he forged ahead. Hand over hand he gained upon the other, until he started to pass him. The other saw him coming and made a desperate spurt. It was to no avail. Jimmy passed him and landed fully four feet in advance of him. He had saved the team from defeat and the students, in spite of his wet suit, carried him in joyful procession, yelling at the top of their voices.

Later, in the locker room, Jimmy was the center of a great knot of boys who eagerly sought the reason for his absence from the first part of the meet and he told them how he was attacked. He also told them how he had returned to consciousness in the alley, gone to the school, changed his clothes and entered the last race. His assalants were doubtless ruthless gamblers who had bet on the opposite side and saw in him an obstacle to a victory for their team. Therefore they took harsh measures to remove him. Jimmy was complimented on his excellent swimming and he was soon the talk of the school. That night he went to bed satisfied and happy. Had he not helped his team and his school on to victory?

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Da Fasta Game

A nica game is baskaball,
For younga high school boy,
But whena I begin to play,
Dey usa me lika toy.

Dey runa pasta me so fast,
I getta scared and say,
"Why yousa guys a run so much?
Let's nica gama play."

They say no word, they keep on play,
And yell and keep on run,
And then I try da fasta game
And run and have some fun.

They giva me what they call posish,
I do not staya there,
I run and grabba up da ball
And runna evrawhere.

Fren Tony play on oder team,
Oh he's a fasta man
He run so swifta pasta me—
I tink he is a fan.

Da crowd, dey shout, I grab da ball,
And runna down da court,
Tony come, I give da ball to him,
Why? because I'm a gooda sport.

He tak da ball and run and run,
And maka nica shot
The whistle blow, I donna know
Wedder we won or not.

Da captain come and hitta me
And push and shove alot
Because I let ma fren Tony
Make da winnen shot.

Oh, a nica game is baskaball
For younga high school boy,
But whenna I begin to play
Dey usa me like a toy.

GEORGE B. WHELEHAN.

◆ ◆ ◆

Father Brien: Your son must be the idol of the family.
Mr. Quinlan: Yes, he has been idle for eighteen years.

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Huh, Eight O'clock, Time For The Game, Oh, I Don't Think I'll Go I'd Rather Stay Home And Study This Cicero And Civics.
When C. B. A. Came Here.

A Face

The other night I gazed upon a face,
  A face, large and as round as it could be.
'Twas not a thing of beauty nor of grace,
  'Twas not its color that attracted me.

I saw what this fair face already bore,
  And as I gazed, I shuddered with a shock.
Two hands were stretched—my Cicero hit the floor,
  These hands proclaimed that it was one o'clock!

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The Arete

Life

THE MORE important relationships between the members of a group of objects are seen, not from the center of the group, but from a position outside. The features of a panorama are best appreciated when viewed from a pinnacle high above them. Perspective in the happenings of a lifetime is most truthful when the eye of the mind is turned on the vista stretching backward.

Advice is notorious, being cheap and infrequently used. In another form, however, the experiences of one age are useful and acceptable to the later ages. From our heritage of history and tradition we select markers for guidance on the imperfectly marked path before us. Policies and practices which have been conducive to good results, we scrutinize for possible usefulness to ourselves. It is our habit to consult our surroundings and to observe the actions of others for similar guidance. Thus it seems not out of place to review some happenings of school days and those which followed soon after.

The years of grammar school are, by necessity, so much concerned with overcoming the first obstacles to progress in training and with disciplinary beginnings as to acquaint children only slightly with the individual responsibilities which they must assume as their education proceeds. Definite tasks are assigned. They do not learn to plan or to make decisions.

The high school is a new chapter in the book of experience, opened suddenly to the youth's eager and unfortunately inexperienced mind. He faces problems of whose very existence he was previously ignorant. Responsibility for the selection of courses of study, for the planning of expenditure of time and for arrangement of work must be undertaken immediately. A strange task with a strange means for reaching its proper completion are a vexation and occasion for many temptations. To be a good taskmaster to himself the student learns slowly and only after painful and really unfortunate experiences. This new duty is with difficulty assumed.

Realization of the change of life and of the obligations which attend them comes to the young person through these sorrows. His response is sometimes sullen obstruction with damage to his welfare. A large number of high school pupils are eliminated in one year not because of inability to learn but for want of attention to study and because of badly directed effort. These deficiencies indicate a need for early development of habits of responsibility and application. The youth finally makes a choice between seeking better results in school, and leaving school. In some cases a decision is made for him.

He may succeed well enough with his studies to avoid expulsion but not well enough to afford him any satisfaction. Such a person trifles with responsibilities and fritters away his time. Half-heartedness in his work produces indifferent results. The spirit pervades all his deeds. Even needed play is slighted to the extent that small good is had from it.

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When school days are past the indolent habits are found thoroughly ingrained in character. Serious, hearty application to any pursuit is almost impossible. The bogy of indifference all but completely blocks progress. Salvation from this state can be brought about only if this mistaken attitude is early recognized and purged out by untiring and long continued endeavor.

Oh, what an unfortunate time for such an awakening, after much has been lost. Changes in the character can be made only by severe treatment, for the stuff is less plastic. The world of business has little patience for these defects, analyzing the case as one of mere laziness.

In contrast to this misfortune is the case of him who makes a real effort. Being conscientious and industrious he formulates ideals, develops individuality. Tastes and habits, companionships and types of diversion are fitted to the pattern. His progress is a satisfaction to himself and an example to all others. That delight of observing the good fruits of his exertions, which so amply repays assiduity, is newly experienced. No fears assail him. Benefit beyond his ability to measure, he derives from wholesome diversions entered into with a heartiness of spirit. He is propelled onward pleasantly by his own volition rather than unwillingly as goaded by compulsion or fear.

His future is safeguarded whether he seeks higher education or directly the duties of citizenship, of social existence, and of business. To serve, to join others in service, is a pleasure enjoyed in a spiritual way. Sincerity and willingness to co-operate will be counted as great merits in whatever his field of endeavor may be. Good habits of thinking, self-discipline, courage and diligence are counted among any man's finest possessions.

Whether life may or may not be likened to athletics, a fair analogy exists between our preparation for and disposal of problems in life and the preparation for athletic contests. That the athlete be attentative to practice is imperative. The game and good players are his study. Mind and body are joined in a lively effort to accomplish an end. Self-discipline, sometimes irksome, is necessary in following the regimen of training.

Finally in the contest all energies are united and directed to the common end. No distraction is allowed to steal attention. Having faithfully prepared the trail and zealously striven, high honor and reward are deserved.

CHARLES E. IVES, '19.

* * *

Clark—"What are you going to do after you get your diploma?"
Winkler—"Wonder how it happened."

* * *

Johnny Dorschel was making his ring debut and his opponent was a colored gentleman. As Dorschel squared off he said:

"Black boy, you better watch out for me, I was born with boxing gloves on." The colored boy looked him over and said:

"Maybe you wuz, but dat ain't saying that you can't die with 'em on."

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DREAMS
No Jug
LET ME TELL ONE
some DREAM!
GOAL
VEIW OF STUDENT ON GYMNASIUM COURT WEARING SHOES
STUDENTS SWIMMING IN THE SWIMMING POOL.
WHAT! NO BEANS!
HEARD IN THE CAFETERIA
TALL BOYS OF THE SCHOOL LOOKING DOWN AT "TINY" WALSH.
PROBATION SCHOLARS BEING TOLD THAT SKIPPING CLASSES WAS NOT OBJECTIONABLE AS LONG AS THEY DID NOT STUDY IN THE CORRIDORS.
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BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF A.I.R. SNAKE DANCE
"Bud" Furlong

DEDICATED TO "BLACK" JACK BUNCE

He tried to cross the railroad track,
Before the rushing train.
They put the pieces in a sack,
But couldn't find the brain.

◈ ◈ ◈

Bunce—"So Dorschel took a course in first aid. Is he good at it?"

O'Brien—"A little hasty sometimes. A man was nearly drowned yesterday, and the first thing Dorschel did was to throw a glass of water in his face."

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The Fighting Irish

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  Our Alma Mater true!
Here's to our leaders
  Who see each battle through!
Here's to the "Fighting Irish"
  Who flaunt the Maroon and White
Who, when near the finish,
  Never give up the fight.

All hail to Aquinas
  And the old Maroon and White!
All hail the "Fighting Irish"
  Who strive with all their might!
All hail to our leaders
  Who help us win the fight!
All hail to the wearers
  Of the old Maroon and White!

FRANK CUNNINGHAM.

◆ ◆ ◆

Yawman (being arrested): But, officer, I'm a student from Aquinas!
Officer: Ignorance is no excuse, come along.

◆ ◆ ◆

Did Connelly—I should think Tom Riley would get a lot of fun out of his old wreck.
Dorschel—"Why?"
Connelly—Because there's so much play in the wheels.

◆ ◆ ◆

Judge: So you're an English professor?
Father Donovan: Right you are, judge.
Judge: All right, parse this sentence: Six months.

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AW MOM CAN'T I FINISH MY LESSONS? (SNIFF) I'LL BE THROUGH IN LESS THAN TWO HOURS

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"Wouldn't that jar you?" said the boy as he read about the earthquake.

"Isn't that just too sweet?" she cried, as she sipped her twice-sugared coffee.

"Well, ain't this the limit?" sighed Peary as he hung his hat upon the North Pole.

"I'll tell the world," said the radio announcer.

"That's a hot one," said the simp, when he leaned against the stove.

"That's what makes me soar," said the eagle as he gazed at his wings.

"Well, I'll be darned!" cried the sock.

"You ain't seen nothin' yet," announced the faker to his audience of blind men.

"Well, I can't kick," said the mule with the broken leg.

"Well, what do you know about that?" asked the teacher as he pointed to the assigned lesson.

◈ ◈ ◈

Shifty—"Yesterday I saw a deaf and dumb man with an impediment in his speech."

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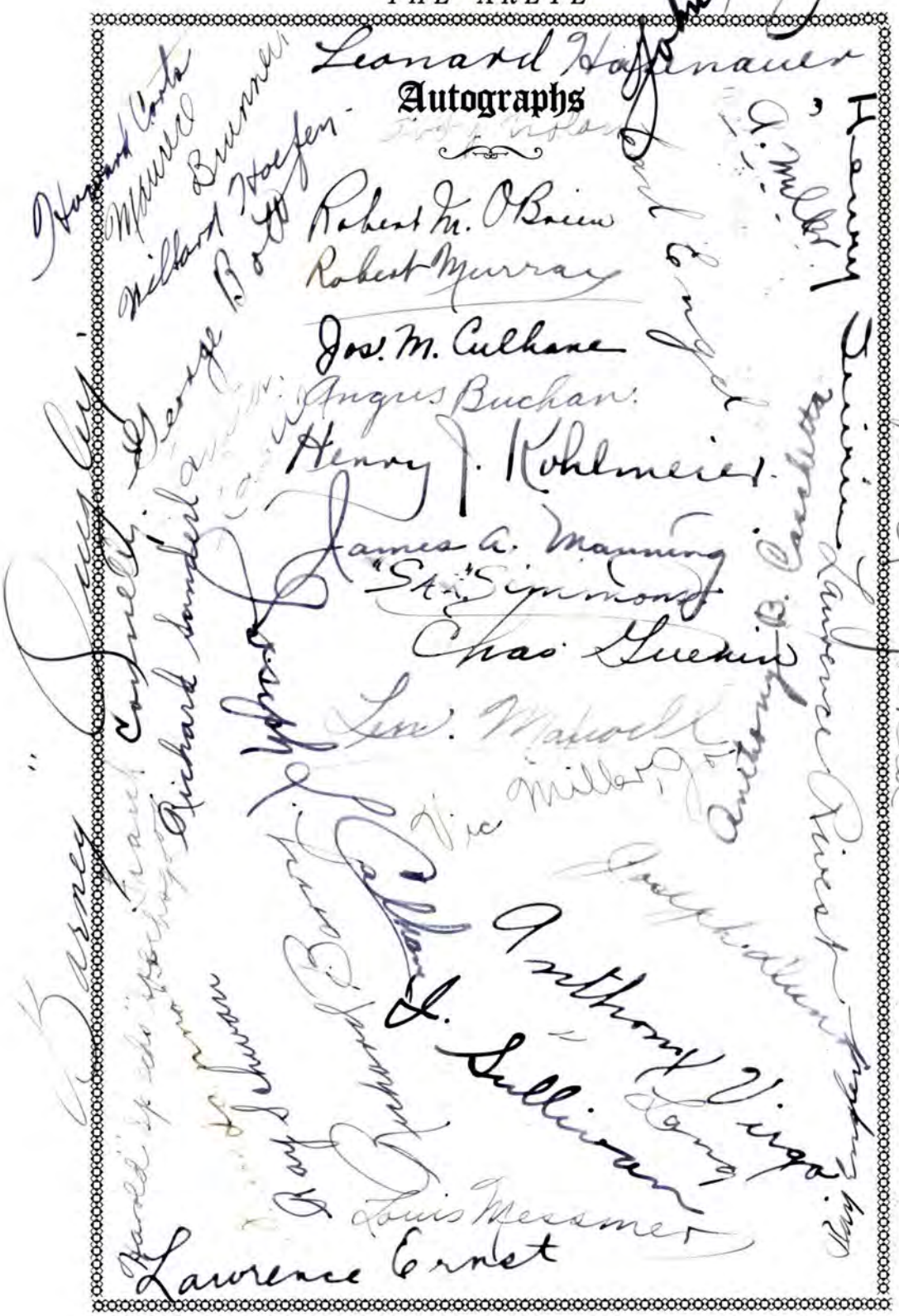
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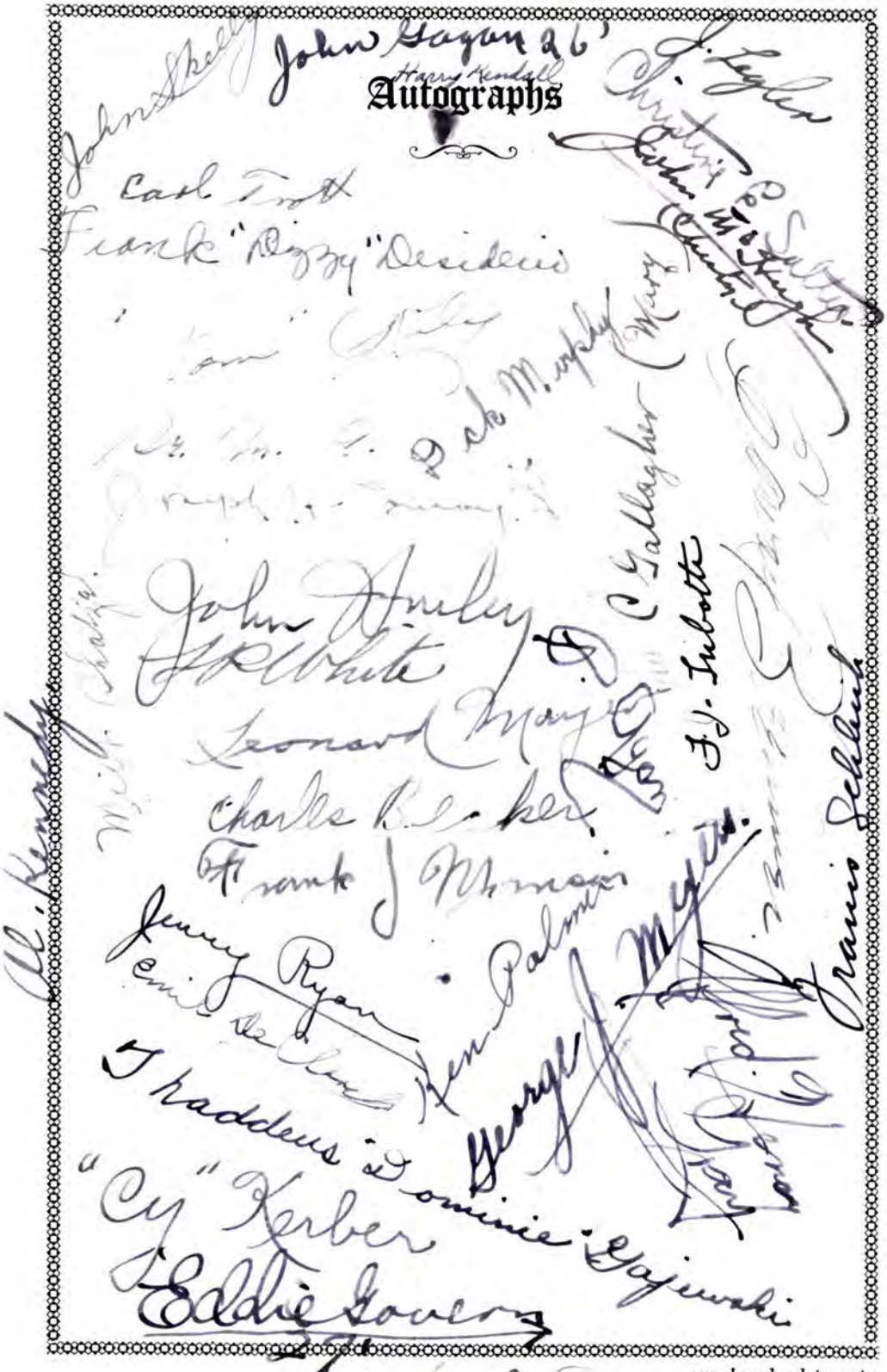
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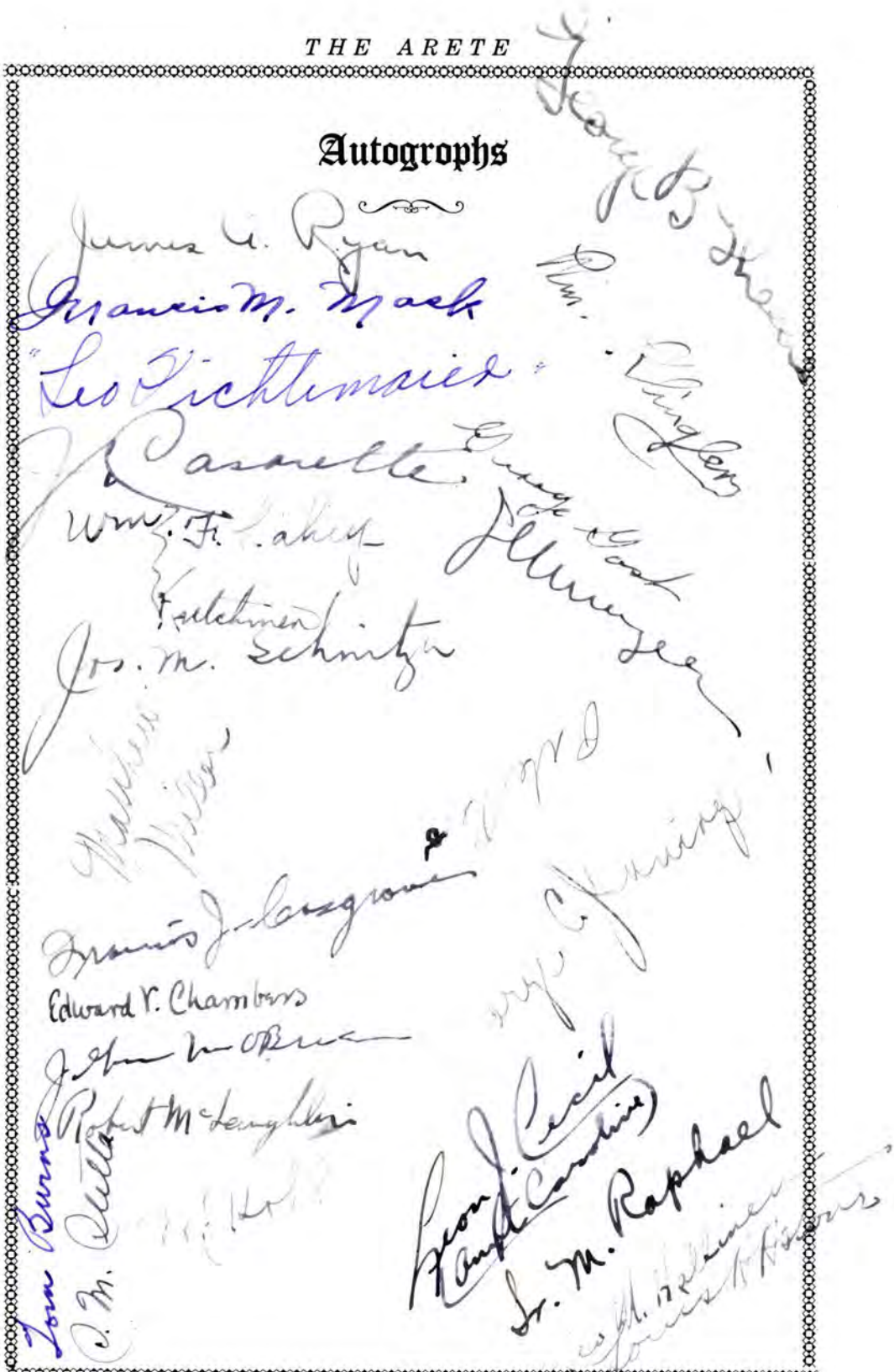
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Index of Advertisers

A

American Taxicab Co. 85
Art Print Shop, Inc. 103-127
Ashley Co., Egbert F. 93

B

Baker Art Glass 126
Bareham & McFarland, Inc. 93
Barnard, Porter & Remington 126
Barr & Creelman Co. 91
Betsy Ross Candy Shoppe 107
Betsy Ross Restaurant 107
Blauw Bros., Inc. 119
Boucher, Geo. T. 97
Bovenzi Brothers 79
Brethren's Creamery 121
Brown Brothers Co. 101
Burr & Starkweather Co. 107

C

Carroll & Knapp 119
Central Laundry & Supply Co. 123
Conway & Bro., H. L. 99
Co-Operative Foundry Co. 117
Costich & Sons, Inc., B. G. 113
Cramer Drug Stores 107
Crescent-Puritan Laundry 123

D

Darrow School of Business 71
DeVisser Bros. 117
Dewey Avenue Market 124
DeWitte, Harry A. 107
DiCesare, Anthony 115
Doell, H. F. 125

E

Edelman Coal Co. 99
Ernest & Sons, Louis 77
Eyer, Chas. L. 91

F

Farmen—Florist 111
Fee Brothers 115
Flanigan Furniture Co. 99
Fromm Brothers Market 121
Furlong Studio 87

G

Garnham, J. H. 124
Gerling, Clarence 109
Giroux, C. F. 121
Golden Pheasant, The 107
Gottry Carting Co., Sam 109

H

Henner, G. W. 125
Holy Cross College 83
Howell's Bakery 123
Howcraft, H. 125
Howe & Rogers Co. 91
Huber Electric Co., Inc., T. R. 107
Hull & Knop 101

J

Johantgen, H. A. 95

K

Kennedy-Clark, Inc. 77
Keystone Builders Supply Co. 87
Keystone Carting Co. 105
Kleinhans 113
Kirby Bros. 117
Kolb's Toggery Shoppe 115

L

Lake Avenue Food Shoppe 123
LaMay Drug Co. 125
Lazerson, "Sam" 111
Lechleitner's 125
Leschorn Bros. 81
Lewis Clothes Shop 109
Likly's 123
Lotz & Rathke 85

M

Macauley-Fien Milling Co. 121
Maier's Sons, L. W. 89
Marrion & Co., T. H. 124
Matthews, Sidney 115
McAnarney, Frank J. 79
McConnell, J. S. 103
McCormick, W. A. 83
McFarlin's 97-124
Mechanics Institute 79
Meng-Shafer-Held 124
Miner Co., Geo. L. 111
Monroe Market 117

N

Niagara University 89
Norristone 123
North West Foundries, Inc. 99

O

Oberlies, W. A. 126
Odenbach Delicatessen, The 113
Ontario Biscuit Co. 93
O'Reilly's Sons, Bernard 109
Ottman Bros. 119
Oxford Pharmacy 126

P

Page & Shaw, Inc. 113
Pembroke & Black 121
Predmore, Wm. F. 105
Pullman Quality Market 126

Q

Quality Shoe Repair 126

R

Ranzenbach, C. F. 126
Rochester Box & Lumber Co. 75
Rochester Business Institute 67
Rochester Gas & Elec. Corp. 69
Rooney's 126
Rubadou's 109
Russer's Market 105

S

Schaefer Bros. 125
Scrantom's 103
Scharr & Co., August 124
Schmanke's Boot Shop 93
Schmidt & Co., Rudolph 105
Schroth's Market 121
Schulz Bros. 111
Schwalb Coal & Oil Co., The 95
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co. 71
Simmon's Clothes Shoppe 105
Snyder, Joseph T. 103
Spalding & Bros., A. G. 81
Staub & Son, Inc. 109
St. Bonaventure's Col. & Sem. 85
Steefel-Connor Co. 89
Stromberg-Carlson Tel. Mfg. Co. 81
Sugar Bowl, The 117
Sullivan, Inc., H. H. 111

T

Tatlock Bros., Inc. 123
Tenth Ward Cigar Store 95
Thomann's Market 101
Trant's Catholic Supply Store 113

U

University of Dayton 75

V

Viola, Ralph 111

W

Wallace, H. B. 115
Ward, Cleaner and Dyer 113
Wegman's Grocery 119
Weis, Margaret 124
Welsh, M. L. 125
Weltzer, A. J. 117
Whalen & Co., R. 124
White Wire Works Co. 77
Whiting, Inc., C. L. 121
Whitmore, Rauber & Vicinus 75
Williams Coal Co. 125
Wilson, Walter H. 115
Wray & Son, Inc., Henry 119

Y

Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co. 87
Young's Fish Market 83
Young's Music House 101

Z

Zahrndt & Son, Wm. 95